

THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXV

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

A BALLADE OF TIME.

"Where is the Life that late I led?"

—Henry IV., Part II., Act V., Scene 3

They come not now that came before—
Evening of spring, and blossom
white,

The footstep hushed, the whispering
door,

The thin form glimmering into
sight,

The moon half-seen in clouded night,

One star, and wind, and passing rain,

The smell of lilacs in the lane;

Where is the foot, the lovely head,

My moon that never was to wane?

Where is the life that late I led?

Tossed by the sea from shore to shore.

Wheeled to the battle's left and
right;

In wreck of storm, in wreck of war,

In tides that clashed, and clashing
fight,

When the deep guns out-boomed the
might

Of the deep-booming hurricane,

And like the shriek of ropes astrain,

The wind wailed with the death that
sped

Sheer through the battery's galloping
train—

Where is the life that late I led?

They come not now, they come no
more,

The thoughts that sprang with daily
light,

As gems upon an enchanted floor,

Matching the sun in promise bright;

Even sorrow, too, has taken flight—

Sorrow and consecrating pain—

And rage comes never here again,

Pleasure and grief alike are dead;

What fear can move? What hopes re-
main?

Where is the life that late I led?

ENVOI.

So should a man recall in vain

The dreams of a scarce-wakened
brain,

Forgotten e'er the sleep is fled,

And buried down in Time's inane.

Where is the life that late I led?

The Nation.

LAMPS.

Immense and silent night,

Over the darkling downs I go,

And the deep gloom is pricked with
points of light

Above, around me and below.

I cannot break the bars

Of fate; nor, if I scan the sky.

Comes there to me, questioning those
cold stars,

Any new signal or reply.

Yet—are they less than these,

These village-lights that I do scan

Below me; or, far out on darkling seas,

Those twinkling messages from man?

Round me the darkness rolls!

Out of the depth each lance of light

Shoots from lost windows, thrills from
living souls,

And—shall I doubt that starrier
height?

No signal? No reply?

As o'er the Hills of Time I roam,

Hope opens her warm casements in the
sky,

And lights the heavenly lamps of
home.

Alfred Noyes.

The Westminster Gazette.

MEMORIES WITH THE DUSK RE-
TURN.

The yellow dusk winds round the city
wall;

The crows are drawn to nest,

Silently down the west

They hasten home, and from the
branches call.

A woman sits and weaves with fingers
deft

Her story of the flower-lit stream,

Threading the jasper gauze in dream,

Till like faint smoke it dies; and she,
bereft,

Recalls the parting words that died

Under the casement some far eventide,

And stays the disappointed loom,

While from the little lonely room

Into the lonely night she peers,

And, like the rain, unheeded fall her
tears.

From the Chinese of Li Po

A.D. 702-762.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 16th of July, an hour when New York's nightly tide of "pleasure" is just on the turn, and in front of the *Hôtel Métropole*, which stands just where the lights of Broadway are most numerous and brilliant, Herman Rosenthal, the proprietor of an up-town gambling den, was shot dead. The crime was committed with an audacity that local opinion promptly fastened upon as one of its most suspicious circumstances. Four men drove up to within fifteen yards of the hotel in a grey touring car; either a message was sent in to Rosenthal that a friend was waiting outside to see him, or the gang had reason to believe that he would shortly be starting homewards; as he passed down the lobby a confederate walked to the entrance and raised his hat as a signal; the four men got out of the motor, and when Rosenthal appeared on the side-walk emptied their revolvers into him. There were five or six policemen within a stone's throw, but none of them seems to have interfered with the murderers in any way; they regained the car without the least difficulty and disappeared down a side-street, easily giving the slip to the taxi in which one of the officers had started after them in tardy pursuit.

But the sensational character of the crime was quickly seen to be by no means its only feature of importance. Rosenthal was a well-known man in his profession, and shortly before his murder had been brought more than once into general notice. His establishment had been raided on the 15th of April, and to prevent its being reopened a police guard had been stationed in it ever since; and Rosenthal, cut off from his means of livelihood and filled with a bitter resentment against the police, had decided to turn

informer and to reveal whatever he knew of the alliance between the police and the gamblers. A day or two before he was shot he had approached the District Attorney on the subject and had sworn to an affidavit, which was duly published in the papers, in which he specifically charged a police lieutenant named Becker with being his partner in the gambling house and receiving 20 per cent. of its profits; and on the very morning of his murder he was due to appear at the District Attorney's private house—it was thought unsafe for him to go to the office—with the witnesses and proofs that would corroborate his statements. That Rosenthal had "squealed" was known to the police, to the gambling fraternity, and to the public; and anyone familiar with the life and politics of New York's underworld would have foreseen that a crisis of some sort was being rapidly precipitated. Rosenthal himself had no doubt of the form the crisis would assume; he declared again and again that the police would "get" him; and when the news came of his murder the people and papers of New York jumped unhesitatingly to the conclusion that the police had either perpetrated or instigated it. That in itself was highly revealing. The last suspicion that would have entered a Londoner's mind was the first that took possession of "the man in the cars" in New York. With nothing but hearsay and circumstantial evidence to go upon, and with the clear alternative before him of believing that Rosenthal had been done to death by a gang of rival gamblers, the average New Yorker assumed almost as a matter of course that the real responsibility for the crime rested with the police, and that Rosenthal was one more victim of "the system"—that is, of the organization

within the force that profits by complicity with criminals.

Popular suspicion turned at once towards Lieutenant Becker, the officer whom Rosenthal had accused of being his sleeping partner in the gambling business. Becker joined the force twenty-nine years ago. He was once implicated in shooting a boy during a burglar chase. In 1904 he received a medal for rescuing from the North River a man who, two years later, swore out an affidavit that he was an expert swimmer and had only fallen into the river at Becker's request and for the sum of fifteen dollars. In June 1911 Becker was placed in charge of what is known as the Strong Arm Squad, a special force of a hundred and fifty policemen whose business it is to raid gambling dens and arrest their proprietors. Last March a bullet fired by one of his men during a raid killed a man, and Becker for a while was relieved of his post. He was reinstated, however, in time to direct the raiding of Rosenthal's establishment in the middle of April; and there are, perhaps, some simple-minded persons who will ask why a police officer should raid a gambling den in which he is financially interested. To this there are several answers. He may have been ordered to do so by his official superiors and have had no option but compliance. He may have quarrelled with his partner and thought the opportunity a good one of asserting his power; or he may have grown dissatisfied with his share of the profits and have adopted this convincing method of proving that he was worth more. The immunity granted for a consideration by a New York police officer to the law-breaker under his wing is an immunity that is perpetually disturbed by mutual suspicions and recriminations, by threats of exposure on the one side and by occasional acts of repression on the other. The public must from time to time be de-

luded by a show of official activity; the moral sentiment of the community has now and then to be pandered to; and, above all, the police officer must sometimes remind his *protégés* of the value of his influence and protection by withdrawing it. New Yorkers, therefore, who are experts in all the shifts and devices of this species of subterranean drama, found nothing contradictory in Becker's raid upon his own and his partner's gambling den.

I do not propose to follow in any detail the infinite ramifications of the case. That Becker, between the 1st of November 1911 and the 30th of July of the present year, deposited in various banks over 12,000*l.*, though his salary during that period amounted to little over 300*l.*; that he employed, in the person of "Billiard-Ball Jack," a noted East Side gambler, a collector to make the weekly round of the establishments under his protection and to levy the assessments; and that he did in fact, under the guise of a dummy mortgage, advance 300*l.*, to Rosenthal to start his up-town house—all this seems to be pretty well established. It has also been brought out by his own confession that "Billiard-Ball Jack" hired the car which drove the assassins to the Hôtel Métropole; that one of its occupants was an intimate ally of Becker's and several hours in his company shortly before Rosenthal was shot; that Becker was immediately informed of the murder, and that he hurried down from his house to hear the details from the mouths of those best qualified to supply them. A sufficiently strong case has thus been built up against him to justify his indictment for murder in the first degree; and on that charge he is now standing trial. Of the men who are believed to have assisted at the actual shooting—Sam Schepps, "Lefty Louie," "Gyp the Blood," "Whitey Lewis," and "Dago Frank," all of them, except the last,

were Jews, and all of them in the twenties. Besides these worthies all sorts of interesting personalities have appeared on the scene—keepers of East Side gambling dens, who are the political despots of their neighborhood; leaders of gangs of roughs with a regular tariff for assaulting, "beating up," murdering, or otherwise removing or disabling objectionable characters; hard-bitten Bowery gunmen; Tammany politicians, so powerful that their names are no more than hinted at; ex-convicts—there are over two hundred of them in New York—who, as licensed chauffeurs, are the accomplished tutors and allies of younger criminals; and many another piquant purveyor of vice and crime. We have been favored, too, with some tantalizing glimpses into the feuds of the underworld; we have heard of men arrested on trumped-up charges, simply that the police might get them into their power and use them for their own purposes; we have seen witnesses in court cowering before the gangsters as though they were Italians giving evidence in a Camorra trial; and, perhaps most significant of all, we have seen that a man like Becker can impress his criminal associates with the idea, first, that he "runs" the Police Department and can procure immunity for his friends, and, secondly, that the municipal officials, such as the Commissioners of Police and the District Attorney, can all be "fixed." Even after the murder "Billard-Ball Jack" Webber, the proprietor of the gambling house where the assassins forgathered to make their final arrangements, Vallor, his partner, and others who are now known to have been intimately concerned in the plot, frequented police headquarters day after day, apparently in complete confidence that Becker's influence was all the protection they needed. It was only when at length they were arrested that they

realized their mistake, and did what they could to atone for it and to save their own necks by turning State's evidence.

New Yorkers, and, indeed, all Americans, have one admirable quality for grappling with crises and scandals: they insist on getting to the bottom of them and on dragging everything into the light. Mr. Dooley has more than once touched with humor and justice on his countrymen's passion for washing their dirtiest linen in the fullest blaze of publicity. "A Frenchman or an Englishman," he says, "cleans house be sprinklin' th' walls with cologne; we Americans chop a hole in th' flure an' pour in a kag iv chloride iv lime." The characteristic has not failed them in investigating a crime which they immediately recognized to be something more than a murder; to be, in fact, as the District Attorney described it, "a challenge to our very civilization itself." For the past two months and more every New York paper has published three or four columns a day on the varying aspects and developments of the case. Much of what they have printed has been indiscreet, and much more purely imaginative; and if New York were London there would hardly at this moment be an editor or a publisher who would not be in gaol for flagrant contempt of court. But the keen-witted reporters, who have thronged the police headquarters and the District Attorney's office, and the offices of all the lawyers retained by the men under arrest, and who have interviewed everyone even remotely connected with the case, have probably done more to further than to thwart the ends of justice. They have certainly been unflinching in their revelations and in tracking down every clue; and their efforts to elucidate the realities of the situation have been effectively seconded by the citizens themselves. The "hero" of the investi-

gation—New York on these occasions always insists on there being at least one "hero"—has been the District Attorney, who, with little help from the police or the Mayor, has proved himself an able and unsparing public servant. Private individuals have placed large sums in his hands for the purpose of engaging outside and unofficial detectives; the Clearing-House Association has enabled him to go through the books of all the banks in the city that he may acquaint himself with the financial position and transactions of any officer of the force whom he has reason to suspect; mass meetings of the citizens have pledged him their enthusiastic support; and a variety of civic and religious organizations have done all they could to strengthen his hands. While the Commissioners of Police have seemed unable to realize that they were almost as much under suspicion as Lieutenant Becker himself, while the Mayor has been inconsequent in speech and indecisive in action, and while there has been altogether too much bickering among the heads of the municipal departments concerned in the case, Mr. Whitman, the District Attorney, has gone straight ahead, has steadily concentrated attention on the necessity, first of all, of discovering and arresting the perpetrators of the crime; and by contrast with many of his colleagues in the service of the city has shown an inspiring efficiency, absolute fearlessness, and a clear-headed comprehension of all that was demanded of him by his oath of office and the public interests. New York has caught fire from his example, and the danger to-day is not that the investigations into the circumstances of the Rosenthal murder and into the relations between the police and the vicious and criminal elements should be too narrow or partial, but that courts of inquiry should be unnecessarily multiplied and that

indiscriminate zeal should lead to scattered efforts and needless overlapping. As it is, the Board of Aldermen at this moment are conducting one inquiry, the Grand Jury another, and a third is in charge of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court of the State; and it looks as though for some months to come New York will be feasting on a daily diet of "revelations."

But I hesitate to affirm that anything will come of it all, anything, I mean, in the nature of a real reform of the New York police. The disclosures that have already followed the Rosenthal murder, and those that may be expected in the near future, have neither told us, nor hold out any promise of telling us, anything new. The corruption of the New York police is at least as old and familiar a tale as it is unsavory. It was laid bare in ample detail by the Lexow Committee of 1894; but the net result of that famous investigation was that thirty-one policemen were indicted, six were placed on trial, and one was sentenced—to a month's imprisonment. It was fully revealed again by the Mazet Committee a few years later, but with consequences even more ludicrously disproportionate. In spite, therefore, of all the heat and energy that is now being expended, one feels little confidence that New York a decade or so hence may not be doing the same work over again in the same convulsive fashion. The assassins of Rosenthal, or some of them, may be hunted down and made to pay the penalty of their crime; though even that, in a country used to seeing murderers and their lawyers cheat the chair, is by no means certain; but to expect from the present turmoil anything in the nature of a regenerated police force is sheer optimism. New Yorkers are struggling sincerely to-day, just as they have struggled sincerely in the past, to ex-

tirpate the cancerous and recurrent evil of a police force rotted with politics, corrupted by graft and blackmail, and almost as much engaged in protecting crime against society as in safeguarding society against crime. But their efforts are too superficial and pyrotechnical to be of more than momentary avail. They have never got down to the heart of the problem, or considered it in all its aspects or from more than one or two highly sensational, and therefore highly distorted, standpoints. They are resolute in ferreting out abuses, but they are remarkably ineffective in devising the ways and means to prevent their recurrence.

The only gain that has accrued from the various investigations of the past twenty years is that the nature and extent and methods of "the system" are by now pretty well understood, and that the height and depth of its infamy have been taken with some accuracy. We know that there is always a percentage—not a large one, perhaps not more than a fifth of that whole body—of the New York police who live by "graft;" that they are in league with politicians, magistrates, lawyers and law-breakers to exploit nearly every form of crime and depravity; that they make a lucrative business of blackmaling saloons, gambling dens, disorderly houses, and the petty traders of the underworld; that they parcel out special sections of the city among their favorite criminals; that they share in the spoils of the receiver, the thief and the crook; and that they will unhesitatingly bludgeon and even murder anyone who "squeals" on them or who threatens to interfere with their operations. All this is notorious; it has been proved up to the hilt; and though New Yorkers have the shortest memories of any community on earth, and cherish the futile illusion that to cure evils it is enough to expose them, the

true character of their police has been bitten into their collective consciousness, and the most infamous scandal, while it may shock, has lost the power to surprise them. Yet hardly anything has been done to furnish the American metropolis with an efficient and self-respecting body of police. The problem is not insoluble, but along their present lines New Yorkers will never solve it. They are too enslaved to political theories and too slapdash and empirical in their legislative methods to be able to remedy a condition that can only be righted by a patient and simultaneous attack at a variety of points. Not less than half a dozen revolutions will be needed before the problem of the New York police can be advanced towards a more or less final and satisfactory settlement; and Americans will have to attain a political clear-sightedness that at present they are far from possessing, and will have to unburden their minds of an infinity of cant, and to test their form of local government not by *a priori* theories but by the results it produces, before even one of these revolutions becomes possible. I detect no disposition in them to do anything of the kind. Instead, they will unweary with the most praiseworthy pertinacity all the misdeeds of the police; there will be a scandalized uproar and a few half-baked "remedies" that will scarcely touch even the surface of the disease; the *personnel* of the department will be vigorously shaken up; it will rain indictments and dismissals and schemes of reorganization; in a little while matters will quiet down, and New York will go comfortably to sleep once more, until it is awakened by another outrage and finds itself called on to re-enact the familiar tragedy-comedy.

The first, and in some ways the most fundamental, of all the reforms needed to civilize the New York police is

to bring the laws under which the city is governed into some sort of relation with the wishes of the inhabitants. New York, one must remember, has neither home rule nor anything like it. Its laws are handed out to it by the State Legislature at Albany, and the State Legislature, being for the most part elected by the farming vote, has its own simple and sufficient notions of how New York should behave itself and of how it should be administered. Urged thereto by the reformers and the "good citizens," it is only too delighted to decree, for instance, that gambling shall cease, that vice shall be stamped out, and that Sunday drinking shall be abolished. But to enforce such laws in a pleasure-loving, cosmopolitan, and frankly pagan community like New York is impossible. So long, however, as they are on the Statute Book something must be done about them; the reformers from time to time do actually attempt to carry them out to the letter; but the effort is beyond them, and, except that the city is convulsed, they do no real good. Reformers of a less categorical cast of mind will punish serious and flagrant violations and leave the rest alone. But this is a policy which creates as much ill-feeling and disturbance and repulsion as the severer and more logical plan, and considerably more uncertainty. The Tammany method, after all, is the simplest and the most consistent. To the proprietor of the saloon and the gambling den and the disorderly house, Tammany, through the mouth of the police, simply says "Pay me so much a month and I will protect you." In the result everybody is satisfied. The law remains on the Statute Book, a glowing testimonial to the "morality" of New York; it is not put into action, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and the politicians and the police grow rich on the proceeds of its non-enforcement. There is, therefore,

this much at least to be said for the New York police: that no other body of men is exposed to such temptation. Nowhere has fanatical legislation made blackmail and corruption easier and, in a sense, more natural. I may be wronging a very interesting community, but my impression is that New Yorkers as a whole would agree that, if Puritanism must be the controlling influence by which they are governed, it had better be Puritanism tempered by bribery. At all events, there are some undeniable aspects in which it may be said that Tammany and a grafting police force are New York's and human nature's protest against the extremes of legislative altruism. It is, as a rule, only when a law is flagrantly out of touch with the common-sense of the average man who lives under it that the temptation exists to buy and sell immunity from its effects. The Statute Book of New York is studded with such laws, as well as with enactments intended by their framers to be broken for a price; and the only remedy conceivable for the present system under which the politicians, using Puritan sentiment for their own shrewd purposes, make the laws, the respectable approve them, the pleasure-seekers break them, and the police enrich themselves by not enforcing them, is home rule.

But much more than that is needed. In particular, the status and powers of the Chief Commissioner of Police at once strike a detached inquirer as being incompatible with any real discipline. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact that the Chief Commissioner of Police in New York, commanding 10,400 men, has no fixed tenure of office whatever, and may be removed any minute by either the mayor of the city, who has appointed him, or the Governor of the State, without reason assigned, and possibly merely to gratify the caprice or politics of the day. In the

past three years New York has had four Chiefs of the Police, and one of them, and the best of them all, General Bingham, was undoubtedly dismissed because he was too honest and too relentless and efficient in his war upon crime for the comfort of the politicians. Directly a new Chief Commissioner takes office the entire force begins speculating as to how long he will remain, who are behind him, how he stands with the political bigwigs, and who will be his successor. If he starts a reform, those on the force who do not like it will yield it only a faint obedience, knowing that its author is likely to be removed before it has become effective. The more radical and upright he is, the smaller his chance of remaining in office. Vested interests band together for his overthrow. All who live by vice and crime join together with their business and political allies to bring daily and almost hourly pressure on the mayor to remove him; and in the end he usually goes. But even if he stays, the consciousness that every day of his official life may be his last paralyses his authority, and his ludicrous inability to dismiss any policeman without an appeal to the civil courts still further reduces him to impotence. Policemen in New York are pensioned off on reaching the age-limit, or for other legitimate causes, and are required during their time of service to contribute two per cent of their salaries towards the maintenance of the pension fund. On the ground, therefore, that members of the force have a vested right in the pension fund, the courts will not only allow a dismissed policeman to appeal from the findings of the Commissioner, but will frequently, and indeed usually, order him to be reinstated on active duty. Not only, therefore, is the Commissioner the fleeting captain of a permanent body, but he cannot get rid of a single patrolman without having his action

reviewed, and nine times out of ten overruled, by the civil courts; nor can he effect any important reorganization of his department without an appeal to the Legislature at Albany. A recent Commissioner had set his heart on two measures. One was the reform of the Detective Bureau; the other was the reduction of all the then inspectors to the rank of captain. He had to seek legislative authority for each. The detectives and the inspectors raised over 15,000*l.*, formed a lobby, fought him tooth and nail, and defeated him twice; and it was only after a tremendous tussle and under the spur of a thoroughly aroused public opinion that the Bills were eventually passed.

General Bingham, besides putting it on record, first, that he could easily have made 200,000*l.*, during his first year at the head of the Police Department, and, secondly, that the brokerage on crime in New York, the money value of the graft and blackmail, is over rather than under 20,000,000*l.* a year, has drawn a vivid picture of the conditions surrounding his daily work as Chief of Police:

I had scarcely [he writes] moved into the office in Mulberry Street when political leaders began to call upon me, for the most part to secure a continual shifting of the police for plausible but mysterious ends of their own. . . . I found immediately that among the officers of the force there were very few I could trust to carry out my orders in good faith. The reason was very simple. I was head of the department for an indeterminate period, which might end at any time. Back of me was the mayor, who chose me, and whose office would also end at an early date. Back of him was the permanent political machine which elected him. As the policeman is in office for life, he very logically looked past both the mayor and me, and made his alliances with, and took his orders from, the only permanent influence con-

cerned—the politicians. I could not at that time even choose the leading officers of the department whom I wanted to carry out my orders. I was in command of a body of men who, by the logic of their position, were forced to take their final orders from someone else. That condition of affairs exists to-day, and will exist so long as the Police Commissioner of New York has no permanence in office. . . . I could not even develop my plans without their leaking out. My headquarters apparently were full of spies. News travelled out of my office with incredible speed. Every avenue was under surveillance, especially the telephone. . . . Traps without number were laid to implicate me, actually or inferentially, in shady business. Knowing this, I even kept postage stamps for use in my semi-personal correspondence separate from those intended for strictly official business.

The first steps towards remedying all this are as obvious as they are unattainable. The people of New York simply have not the power, even if they had any real insight into the fundamentals of the problem, to ordain that the Chief Commissioner shall be kept in office during good behavior, that the force under him shall be organized on a semi-military basis, and that the State Legislature shall be deprived of opportunity for meddling with the details of police administration. The only power that could effect these revolutions is in the hands of the politicians, and their interests are on the side of leaving things as they are.

I should hardly call it an exaggeration to ascribe three-fourths of the shortcomings of the New York police to the influence of the politicians. It is the politicians who are responsible for the general contempt for law that results from the passing of innumerable enactments which are never meant to be enforced, and which are simply used as occasions for blackmail. It is the politicians who prevent the

organization of the force along the only lines compatible with decency and efficiency, by making the Chief of Police a political nominee of the machine. It is the politicians who, after first organizing the criminal classes and the poverty-stricken aliens of the East Side for electioneering purposes, have found it equally profitable to maintain them as a means of preying upon the community. It is the politicians who have so arranged the laws of evidence that it is becoming difficult in New York to convict anyone of anything. It is the politicians who have made themselves the permanent power in and behind the city government, and the arbiters of the fate of every member of the force. Every policeman soon learns that in his district there are certain people he had better not arrest, certain houses it would be ruinous for him to raid, certain purveyors of vice and crime who are possessed of a pull that renders him powerless. He may wish to do his duty, but when his duty brings him into conflict with any of the political forces that have marshalled illegality, he knows that the wiser course is to let the matter drop. The number of men on the New York police who will permit the law to be violated in their precincts because they have learned the impossibility of enforcing it, is far greater than the number of men who will take money in payment for their complaisance or who will blackmail the law-breakers. As practical men, with their living at stake, they are obliged to recognize "the system," but it is only, as I have said, the minority who make themselves a part of it and share with the politicians in the proceeds of immorality and crime. Naturally, but undeservedly, the force is judged by those of its members whose actions mainly engage the attention of grand juries; and a viciously sensational Press does nothing to restore the balance of opin-

ion. There really are policemen in New York who do not live on graft; who would prefer to be, and many of whom, in circumstances of almost inconceivable difficulty, succeed in being honest. The average New York policeman is by no means without his virtues. He is brave, of fine physique and great powers of endurance, and a past-master at handling a riotous mob; and if he is often a moral coward, the system under which the city—and especially the Police Department,—is governed is largely answerable for it.

Of all the crimes of the politicians against the good name of the city of New York, the worst and the most far-reaching is their prostitution of the magistrate's bench. A magistracy appointed by, recruited from, and dependent upon the local political machine is an insuperable obstacle to civic decency. All the police magistrates in New York owe their posts to the mayor, who in turn owes his post to the politicians, who in their turn owe their power to their thorough control and organization of the criminal alien classes. A careful New York publicist, with a minute knowledge of his subject, wrote some five years ago: "It is almost the unanimous opinion of those who come in contact with them that a majority of the fourteen magistrates now on the bench in Manhattan and Bronx can be illegitimately influenced, or "seen," to adopt the euphemism commonly employed." General Bingham went so far as to declare that the presence of "a crooked or supine or incompetent judiciary" was at the root of the police problem in New York. He stated that cases were "entirely too frequent" in which the police magistrate was "a known politician, a crook, or a thug."

It is notorious [he added] that some police magistrates can be bought by crooks, and are bought and owned at the disposal of the local political ma-

chine. Other police magistrates are financially honest, but politically dishonest. Those who draw down the heaviest condemnation temper their insolence with such cunning as to render it very difficult to disgrace and oust them upon evidence.

Almost identical complaints have been made since the Rosenthal murder by the present Commissioner of Police. "The way to stop gambling," he is reported as saying, "is to stop it. The courts could stop gambling in twenty-four hours if they would merely let it be known by their rulings that they intend to aid the police, instead of doing all they can to thwart our efforts every time we catch the gamblers with the goods;" and he went on to narrate how, of 898 men arrested in connection with gambling during the past year, only 130 were convicted, and that not one of these received anything like adequate punishment. Much of the apparent incompetence of the police is really due to the fellow-feeling of the magistrates for criminals and to their readiness to obey the slightest behests of the politicians. Every New Yorker is well aware of this; and yet the day when a well-paid, non-political magistracy, irremovable except for proven offences, is installed in the lower courts of the city is so infinitely distant that one can hardly conceive its coming.

Again, the police are heavily handicapped by the laws of evidence and the perpetual sacrifice of justice to legalism. The present Commissioner of Police said only a few weeks ago:

While a house may be known to everyone as a gambling house, and men known as gamblers may be seen going in and out at all hours of the night and day, and the premises are known not to be used for any purpose except gambling, the Courts refuse to issue warrants unless some witness will swear that he has actually played for money on the premises.

Magistrates, again, have ruled out evidence in gambling cases because it was obtained by looking through a window instead of by being in the room where the gambling was going on. They have thrown out other cases because the officer could not swear that the money on the tables was actually United States currency and not counterfeit; or that the roulette wheel captured was the same one as he had gambled on; or because while men and women had been found in the back room of a barricaded house with poker chips and faro lay-outs and all the implements of their pastime, there was no direct testimony that gambling had actually been going on. In the same way, it is practically impossible in New York to secure a conviction for bribery or blackmail unless two witnesses are forthcoming who have seen the money pass with their own eyes. Violations of the Excise laws, again, go unpunished unless the act of drinking can be sworn to by eyewitnesses. One such case was dismissed because the police officer had not taken the precaution to have the captured whisky analysed, could not say whether it was fermented or distilled, and was not prepared with chemical proofs to rebut the suggestion that it might have been colored water. It is all of a part with hopeless worship of technicalities that within the last year the courts in thirty-two cases have ordered the apparatus taken in gambling raids to be restored to its proprietors, and that it is the easiest thing for law-breakers, in the name of "liberty," to bring suits for oppression against individual policemen, and to secure from their friends on the bench injunctions against molestation by the police. I have already mentioned that there are some two hundred ex-convicts in New York who are acting as chauffeurs; after that, it seems almost like an anticlimax to add that the police have no

effective powers of any kind over the pawnbrokers, who form the second line of defence in the operations of thieves and burglars.

New York not only attracts to itself every crook and hooligan in the United States but is fed by an unceasing stream of European criminals. Equally with the home-bred gangs, these foreign associations are controlled by the politicians. Crime in New York, indeed, is not so much an individual aberration as a business, massed, brigaded, and organized at every point, politically, financially, and legally; and whenever he comes to close quarters with it the honest policeman finds himself ham-strung by the politicians. The whole complex and many-sided problem needs, therefore, for its solution, as I have said, something far more effective than mere "publicity" and a periodic hurricane of "revelations." It needs a recasting of some of the average American's most cherished theories in regard to the structure and practice of local government. So long as New York is largely ruled from Albany, so long will laws be passed that are out of all harmony with the wishes and needs of the metropolis; and so long as such laws are passed the temptation to buy and sell exemption from their operations and to use them as instruments of blackmail will prove, as it is to-day, irresistible. So long as the Commissioner of Police is a political nominee, with no official stability and unable to dismiss a single policeman without an appeal to the civil courts, so long will the internal discipline and administration of the force remain a chaos. So long as police magistrates are appointed by the politicians, and are susceptible to political influences, so long will justice be betrayed. So long as the police are permitted to be used as adjuncts to and agents of the dominant political machine for the purpose of making

house-to-house visitations at election time, tracking removals, and drawing up lists of voters, so long will the power of the politicians be automatically perpetuated, and so long will the policeman look up to and take orders from the Tammany district leader. So long as judicial procedure and the laws of evidence combine to shield the malefactor and to defeat the honest officer,

The Nineteenth Century and After.

crime will continue, as now, to be one of the safest and most lucrative professions open to the ambitious New Yorker. The problem of the New York police, in short, is part of the problem that now more than ever confronts the whole American people—how to restore, how to reassume, how to make workable and effective—self-government.

Sydney Brooks.

THE CENTENARY OF PARODY.

That there were parodists before the year 1812 is, of course, obvious to anyone with but the most casual acquaintance with our own older literature or with the literature of classic times. In a sense, however, it may be said that modern parody dates from the publication of a small anonymous topical volume just one hundred years ago. For the parody that we know today—we have living at least half a dozen admirable exponents of this art of artful imitation—may be said to derive more from the spirit that informed *The Rejected Addresses* than from that of Aristophanes among the ancients, from certain of the Elizabethans, from Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, from Ambrose Phillip's *Splendid Shilling*, or from the *Pipe of Tobacco* of Isaac Hawkins Browne. Perhaps the forerunner of *The Rejected Addresses* most akin to it is to be found in the last mentioned, but Browne's pamphlet (published in 1736) though it cleverly parodied the writings of men whose work has lived, has not itself lived beyond bare mention in more recondite literary studies; indeed, scarcely beyond the generation which it first entertained. *The Rejected Addresses* did more than this, it delighted the generation for which it was produced, and it has continued to hold a high place among the humorous literature of the past that is read in the

present. The continuous tenacity of its hold on readers may be gauged from the fact that there are in the British Museum many separate editions of the work but by no means representative copies of all, for though the book reached its fifteenth edition during the second year of its existence, and the twenty-fourth by 1855, these twenty-four editions are represented by but half a dozen examples. In this year, when the little book completes its hundred years of active life, there are three separate editions on the market—to employ the market phrase—and this seems eloquent testimony to its continued hold on readers. Its effect has been considerable, for it would not be difficult to show how marked a change came over the art of parody after its publication; how, indeed, successive practitioners of the art have sought, with varying success, to follow the lines laid down in the little "topical" book of 1812 rather than the methods of earlier parodists.

Leaving, however, for the present the subject of their influence, it may not be without interest at the moment to recall something of the circumstances in which *The Rejected Addresses* were produced and something of the manner in which the collection was received. There are probably many people not unfamiliar with the book who

would be hard put to it to say off-hand why it received its title and what was its inspiring cause. It was on Friday, February 24th, 1809—a Friday in Lent, when there had been no performance or rehearsal—that Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire. A story runs that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was seen at the Piazza in Covent Garden drinking, while the theatre, of which he was one of the principal owners, was blazing away. The friend who found him thus occupied expressed surprise that he should be able to face the disaster so imperturbably. "Surely," said Sheridan, with admirable sangfroid, "a man may enjoy a glass of wine by his own fireside." The remark was characteristic not only of the witty dramatist, but also it may be of the late eighteenth-century ideal of gentlemanly behavior in time of crisis. The burning of the theatre does not concern us, though it was directly responsible for the rebirth of the genial art of parody. Having been destroyed, Old Drury had, of course, to be rebuilt, for a century ago the life of the Drama would not have been considered possible without its time-honored headquarters. To-day the Drama has many dwellings, but tradition still regards Drury Lane, despite its changes, as the chief of them.

Drury Lane was being rebuilt, was, indeed, so far completed that the day of its reopening had been fixed, when it occurred to someone that the writing of the poetical address to be spoken, inevitably, at the opening, should be made available to public competition. Such a competition was then something of a novelty. The day was still far off when every journal should seek to stimulate the *cacoethes scribendi* among its readers by offering money prizes for the most varied manifestations of literary art, knack, or ingenuity. The freshness of the scheme was perhaps responsible for the shortness

of time that was given to the would-be competitors to "woo the Muse," as it would then have been the fashion to phrase it. The opening of the theatre had been fixed for October 10th, and that date was but about two months off when the following simple advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers on August 14th:

"Re-building of Drury Lane Theatre.

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place upon the 10th of October next. They have, therefore, thought fit to announce to the public that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-Office in Drury Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up; with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

This advertisement had appeared in some of the journals on August 8th, and the latest sending-in day was then given as August 31st, but owing to an error the publication of some of the advertisements was delayed, and therefore the date was postponed until September 10th. Intending competitors had thus one day less than a lunar month in which to summon up inspiration and polish its results. The advertisement, it will be seen, gave no promise of reward—though it is sometimes said that a prize of twenty pounds was offered—so that the addressing of manuscripts to the Treasury office must have seemed tantalizing.

Of the one hundred and fifteen addresses actually sent in in response to this invitation, something may be said later. None of them satisfied the judging committee, and the actual

address that was spoken on the opening day was written by Lord Byron—who was himself a member of the committee, and who, says one writer, had “scorned to send in in competition.” The secretary to the Drury Lane committee was Charles Ward, who married Jane Linley, a sister of Sheridan’s wife, and it is to him that we owe the happy idea which resulted in the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre being responsible for the rebirth, or revivifying of the art of parody. It was, presumably, while reading the competing addresses that Ward thought of the possibility of “Rejected Addresses”—for those words are written across the back of one of the manuscripts duly delivered at “the Treasury office in Drury Lane,” and we know from one of the authors that it was Ward who gave them the idea. Those authors were the brothers James and Horace Smith—now chiefly remembered in association with *The Rejected Addresses*, then young men who varied their occupations as solicitor and stockholder by contributing light verse to the magazines. Ward’s suggestion fell on fruitful soil, for within six weeks the brothers had written a score of Addresses supposed to have been sent in by various well-known writers, and to these they added the actual one that had been sent in by Horace Smith, apparently getting it back from the friendly secretary for the purpose. Though the little collection was completed, it was not, if tradition is to be believed, regarded as a promising speculation by the booksellers, and the supposed “Rejected Addresses” bade fair to justify their title; for it is said that not a publisher could be found with the courage to make them public, until one John Miller was persuaded to do so on condition that the authors should be satisfied with half of the profits “should there be any.” The authors

accepted this problematical moiety offered by the temerarious publisher, and the addresses were hurried out in a small anonymous volume entitled *Rejected Addresses; or the New Theatrum Poetarum*.

The book was an instant success—one of “the luckiest hits in literature”—and speculation was soon busy seeking to discover the authorship. Writing to John Murray on October 19th, 1812, Lord Byron said, “I think the *Rejected Addresses* by far the best thing of the kind since the *Rolliad*, and wish you had published them. Tell the author ‘I forgive him’ were he twenty times over our Satirist; and think his imitations not at all inferior to the famous ones of Hawkins Browne.” (Most present-day readers who compared them would think that Byron understated the case; the sustained and various addresses are immeasurably superior to the “whiffs” of *A Pipe of Tobacco*.) Four days later the poet wrote again to the publisher: “I like the volume of ‘*Rejected Addresses*’ better and better.” If it be true, as it is recorded, that Murray had refused to buy the copyright for twenty pounds, he must have squirmed at his correspondent’s words, and at other evidence of the success of the little book, for Byron hailed it in his letters, Jeffrey accorded it the honor of a careful appreciation in the *Edinburgh Review*, and if the few who bestow the laurels of fame were quick in welcoming the book, the public that gives the more substantial rewards was no less ready. It was in the autumn of 1812 that *The Rejected Addresses* were published, and in the following year the publisher found it worth his while to buy their half-share of it from the authors—with an earlier and less successful venture, *Horace in London*, thrown in—for one thousand pounds! In 1819 John Murray acquired the right to publish the seventeenth edition,

paying one hundred and twenty-five guineas for it, when he might have had the whole copyright seven years earlier for little more than a sixth of the sum. That the seventeenth edition was, at the price, no great bargain may be gathered from the fact that the eighteenth was not called for until 1833. The subsequent history of the work need not be enlarged upon; it may be doubted whether it has ever been "out of print" for more than a year or two at a time during the century of its existence.

When we come to consider the literary qualities that have given the *Rejected Addresses* their unique position among humorous verse, we may perhaps find them mainly in the way in which the writers did their work, but partly also in the fact that they were fortunate in their opportunity. Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Crabbe, Scott, Southey, Moore, and Cobbett—it was a remarkable time that presented such a group of men before a parodist as his contemporaries. Had their "models" all been such as William T. Fitzgerald, "Laura Matilda"¹ or "Monk" Lewis, it may well be believed that all the genius of the parodists would not have made the book live beyond the middle of the nineteenth century, if so long. But in suggesting that the lasting fame of the men parodied has had something to do with the lasting fame of the parodies, it is not meant in any way to belittle the work of the parodists. It must, however, be recognized that they had the luck to have contemporary poets of lasting interest, and it must be further recognized that they had the critical acumen to select for imitation several writers who had not then won fame, though they are now among the

most famous of those parodied. The selection of men who were yet to become famous as well as those who already loomed overlarge in the public eye was an indication of the writers' sound literary judgment. It may be added that they only hit upon two models who had actually been among those who sent in addresses in competition—William T. Fitzgerald (the "hoarse Fitzgerald" of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*) and Dr. Busby.

The instant success of the *Rejected Addresses* may be most impressively realized by recalling that it was followed at once by a number of other publications seeking to trade on its popularity. That it was reviewed immediately on publication in the *Edinburgh* has already been mentioned. Jeffrey's article on the subject appeared in the "blue and yellow" before the close of 1812, and the northern critic did not stint his instant praise: "We have not often met with anything nearly so good as the little volume before us. We have seen nothing comparable to it, indeed, since the publication of the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*; though it wants the high seasoning of politics and personality, which no doubt contributed much to the currency of that celebrated collection, we are not sure that it does not exhibit, on the whole, a still more exquisite talent of imitation, with powers of poetical composition that are scarcely inferior." If the *Rejected Addresses* lacked "the high seasoning of politics and personality" of the *Anti-Jacobin*, they certainly were not lacking in that salt of humor which may be regarded as an excellent literary preservative. The two works were entirely different in scope and object. In a later note Jeffrey declared that he regarded the Smiths' work as the very best imitations that were ever made, and brilliant as some later parodists have been it may be confidently af-

¹ The parodist's original for "Laura Matilda" was probably that "Anna Matilda"—Mrs. Hannah Cowley—who kept up a poetical flirtation with "Della Crusca" in the pages of the *World*, and whose verses—judging by the "British Album" in which they were collected—continued to be read up to the time that the brothers Smith were writing.

firmed that the *Rejected Addresses* have not since been excelled in this particular field. The critic of 1812 said that but few of the Addresses descended to parody, by far the greater number being of a far higher description. Nowadays we have come to use the word parody in the fuller sense which includes the best of imitation intentionally done for humorous ends. How closely the Brothers Smith succeeded in writing as their models might have written may be gathered from the fact that sentences from the addresses supposed to have been written by Wordsworth and Cobbett have been cited as actual quotations from the poet and the sturdy Radical.

The *Rejected Addresses* may be said to have taken a place among that literature which in the cant term of the day is described as "classic"; they are presumably still more or less familiar to most educated people, while some of the pieces long since found their way into popular collections for recitation and "readings." They should be sufficiently familiar to need no detailed consideration, but it may be pointed out that some of the persons of importance in their day of whom the parodists made game are but little more than names now—small literary flies preserved in the amber of parody. "Hoarse Fitzgerald," for example; the Hon. William Spencer, dubbed "flashy, fashionable, and artificial," by a contemporary; and Matthew Gregory Lewis, who is chiefly remembered as "Monk" Lewis, though the fearsome story to which he owed the nickname is now familiar to but few readers. The measure of the parodist's success is, however, to be gauged by the undimmed brilliance of their imitations of men who were not only of note in 1812, but who are of fame in 1912. In selecting representative writers of their day whose manner they could imitate as suppositious

candidates for the Drury Lane committee's illusory twenty guineas, the writers were able to include the names of Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Southey, Coleridge, and Crabbe—a sufficiently remarkable and varied septet of living poets to be available at one time for purposes of topical parody. Byron, who had in that year awakened to find himself famous on the publication of the opening cantos of *Childe Harold* did not resent the satire, but, as we have seen, acclaimed the addresses as the best thing of their kind. Crabbe, whom Byron had lately lauded as "nature's sternest painter, yet the best," was inclined to think that the young authors had been unduly hard upon him, though "in their versification they have done me admirably"—their attempt on him was, in fact, one of the most strikingly successful.

It is not necessary to go through the *Rejected Addresses* *seriatim*, emphasizing the neatness of satire with which the writers informed all their parodies. Some of the authors made fun of are well-nigh forgotten—would be entirely but for their satirists—but among the most successful examples are those that parody the biggest men. Lord Jeffrey regarded the Crabbe as "the best piece in the collection," but perhaps the one most generally acknowledged as such is *The Baby's Debut*, supposed to have been sent in by Wordsworth. In this the simplicity of the original was reduced to delightful absurdity by the lightest of oversteering. It is true that the Brothers Smith later saw fit to apologize for having ignored Wordsworth's better work for having "pounced upon his popular ballads and exerted themselves to push their simplicity into puerility and silliness." We may be glad that they did so seeing that they achieved so aridding and signal a success; we feel that thus might Words-

worth have dealt with the theme had he chosen to enter the lists. Excellent, too, was the parody of Byron, excellent alike in form and spirit, with just that touch of exaggeration which is the accent, as it were, that turns imitation into parody, and also with an appropriate use of satire in touching upon the threatened degeneration of the theatre into a circus. William Cobbett is probably not much read to-day, but his vigorous emphatic style was admirably travestied in *A Hampshire Farmer's Address*, while his bluff blustering egotism, his direct way of looking at things, his strong common sense, and his habit of making opportunities for "digs" at opponents, were amusingly utilized. This was one of the prose addresses—"to the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme* (invented by the monks to enslave the people) I have a rooted objection"—and is so good that those who know not Cobbett might well on reading it be fired with a wish to go to the work parodied. The parody of Thomas Moore—ingeniously marked with a motto from Sir T. More—is amusing, but not one of the best; it is interesting, however, as an early insistence on that particular melody which Moore made familiar in English verse, for he brought in a new note only less markedly mellifluous, but no less distinctive, than that which Swinburne was later to give us. Southey's *Curse of Kehama* is probably another of the works that are little read by a generation that knows India through Mr. Kipling rather than through Kehama, but in the story of the "Re-Building"—as it might have been rendered Kehama-wise by Robert Southey—the parodists presented a peculiarly effective piece of imitation; one, indeed, that Jeffrey regarded with Scotch carefulness as "nearly almost perfect." The *Tale of Drury Lane*, as supposed to be told by Scott, was rendered so cleverly in the manner of

the original that many years later Sir Walter, in speaking to one of the authors, said on pointing to the description of the fire, "I certainly must have written this myself, although I forget upon what occasion." Surely an unparalleled tribute from the genius of one parodied to the genius of the parodist! The *Johnson's Ghost* address should have served to disabuse any readers who might have been inclined to think the *Rejected Addresses* those that had actually been sent in in competition; if the authors hoped to hoax the public at all—which may be doubted—its inclusion was a mistake; it skilfully copies the solemn verbosity of Johnson, but degenerates at times into mere caricature.

James and Horace Smith gave to parody a geniality of tone that it has not lost; they used satire, it is true, but the satire was not unkindly, and was more general than particular; they made, for example, many of their poets refer to the way in which the stage was being given over to animals:—

"Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bladbury his pig;
Fie on such tricks."

The individual satire was rarely, if ever, other than kindly; a mere touch of exaggeration to the author's particular manner of expressing himself. Though the majority of parodists indulge in the direct humorous imitation of particular poems rather than the more difficult method employed by the Brothers Smith, the influence of the *Rejected Addresses* is to be traced in a century's work of the practitioners of this one of the gentle arts.

The story of the *Rejected Addresses* having been recalled, something may be said of the actual addresses that were sent in and adjudged not worthy—the true rejected addresses. The success of the parody-volume was such that besides various imitations that

sought to trade upon its popularity, an enterprising bookseller had the happy idea of advertising for copies of addresses that had actually been sent in. Out of the one hundred and fifteen who had invited the committee's judgment no fewer than forty-three supplied him with copies, and he duly brought out a volume entitled *The Genuine Rejected Addresses*, giving those forty-three along with a copy of the address by Byron which had been delivered. In the course of his preface to this undistinguished medley of skimble-skamble stuff, the compiler gave the following suggestion why the leading poets of the time may have refrained from sending in addresses, and entered a justifiable protest against none of those sent in being selected for delivery:—

"A number of Addresses, indeed, a very great number, were accordingly tendered to their acceptance; one of these, in course, could alone be spoken, but there was no doubt at all that one of them would be adopted. Whether the greater Bards disdained competition; or whether they revolted from gratuitous verse; whether a subject so obvious led the writers into obvious thoughts; or, lastly, whether the Minor Poets were too feeble to hit the giant expectations of the Committee, cannot be decided; but certainly that Learned Body pronounced, on reading, or *not* reading them, that for some reason or other *all* the Addresses presented were objectionable. In this dilemma they put themselves under the care of Lord Byron, who prescribed for their case a Composition which bears the honor of his Name, and occupies the first place in the following Collection.

"That such a preference should excite discontent was very natural. In the first place his Lordship's Poem had not been sent, had not been written, in competition. It was not until the plebeian swarm of Candidates had been brushed aside, that his Lordship could be induced to bask in the full sunshine of Encouragement. The 'Noble

Childe' disdained to enter the list with unknown knights. Perhaps this was an error in judgment: he might have had no great reason for fear; but Competitors unknown it was not modest to despise."

Presumably the forty-three whose "Genuine" addresses were given to the public thus prefaced were of those who thought themselves unjustly treated in having been passed over; but our knowledge of the rejected ones is not limited to those who seized the opportunity of rushing into print with their efforts. Thanks to the way in which those who were responsible broke faith with their candidates for fame, it is possible to read almost all of the addresses that were sent in. If there was annoyance and discontent among the competitors at not one having been chosen, how much greater would it have been could it have been known that all the addresses and accompanying "sealed papers" (duly unsealed!) were being carefully preserved.

Though a century has elapsed, and the one hundred and fifteen competitors have all long since passed away, one has something of a shame-faced feeling in turning the pages of the two large volumes in which the addresses and their accompanying evidence of authorship have been carefully bound. The advertisement explicitly promised that none of the "separate sealed papers" would be opened, except that belonging to the address adjudged successful. None was so adjudged—but all the sealed papers were opened and the genuine names and addresses attached to the various contributions. One man wrote thrice under his assumed name to have his "sealed letter" returned, but his successive requests were ignored and his letters cynically added to the collection! There is nothing to show whether this breaking of seals (and faith) took place

at the time, or whether all the documents were merely put aside and subsequently fell into the hands of a collector who gave them their present form.

Overcoming the feeling of invasion of privacy the two volumes are worthy of some consideration, though they reveal no great overlooked talent—are interesting thanks to the reflected fame given to them by James and Horace Smith. As has been said, only two of the people parodied by the witty brothers were among those who actually competed—Fitzgerald and Busby—but there are some interesting names among the others. The Sheridan family and its connections was well represented by Charles Sheridan, William Linly, and Alicia Lefanu; while also among the competitors were Joseph Hume (later to be a noted Parliamentarian), Mary Russell Mitford, and George Daniel—the “D.—G.” of dramatic criticism, a humorist somewhat akin to the Brothers Smith, and in his *Democritus in London*, the inventor of a famous pun:—

“What exclaimed the gallant Napier,
Proudly flourishing his rapier!
To the army and the navy,
When he conquered Scinde?—*Peccavi!*”

One competitor, even in his separate sealed paper, insisted on remaining “Incognitus;” one described himself as a compositor; another “William Burton, painter and glazier” (his contribution was endorsed “A Prose Address in so bad a hand I have not attempted to read it”—poor painter-and-glazier Burton!); while a lady described herself as May Mackey, “the Poetess of Nature.” Another contribution was sent in three times over, with various alterations, beautifully printed that there should be no excuse for dismissal on account of a bad hand; while a further one was sent six days too late, presumably in the confident hope that its transcendent merits (as realised by its

writer) should serve as sufficient excuse for its belatedness. Painter and glazier, compositor and poetess of nature, were all alike unsuccessful—and all alike had their identity revealed. “Incognitus” alone scored off the committee, though he could not be aware of it.

That committee, that faithless committee, may at least be credited with not having passed over any address of outstanding merit—some were farcically bad, others only bad, and the best but indifferently good. The general character of them may be gauged from some random exordial lines. Shakespeare as might be expected, made several appearances; as in this opening:—

“Shakespeare exclaims, Oh, for a Muse
of Fire!

But had he seen the conflagration dire
That down’d Old Drury, sure he’d
ne’er have sought her,

But cried as loudly for a Muse of
Water!”

Nought but itself could be its parody. Shakespeare, though in association with the home of the Drama, was far less often called upon than was the Phoenix, for that most obvious of figures, in the circumstances, was named many times in such ways

“As when the Phoenix in Parnassian
lore.”

One writer ignored the much-abused bird, and went for inspiration to a volcano,

“When first Vesuvius with tremendous
ire,
Burst in a deluge of destructive fire!”

Another began in mighty inconsequence, thus:—

“Britons, once more; from midst the
wreck of flames,
Transcendent high, the Classic Drury
shines,
Once more its turrets mount the Ethereal
Sky,

To grasp with fondness Shakespeare's greatness nigh."

It is not surprising to find some of the addresses briefly endorsed "won't do." Others are merely marked "read." One has the words "Rejected Addresses" written across it, as though the reader had just made a note of that happy idea to which James and Horace Smith were to give enduring form. It is said that Samuel Whitbread himself competed (and introduced the Phoenix so prominently that Sheridan described his work as that of a "rhapsodizing poulterer"), but if he did so his address and any evidence that he sent it in were removed before the manuscripts were bound up. Another notable competitor is sometimes said to have been Charles Lamb, but here again the carefully preserved collection gives us no evidence that he did so. One or two addresses, it is true, are missing, but they are represented by their (one-time) sealed papers, Horace Smith's being among them. This was, however, probably returned to the writer when he and his brother expressed their readiness to make use of Charles Ward's idea. Yet another matter aris-

The Fortnightly Review.

ing out of the subject concerns Dr. Thomas Busby, whose address was sent round to the newspapers on its being refused a hearing at Drury Lane. Byron wrote a "Parenthetical Address," embodying lines from Busby's printed one with stinging comment. The curious thing is that Busby's address as sent to the papers was not Busby's address as sent in in competition. Byron, it will be remembered, *half stole* his parenthetical matter, thus:—

"When energizing objects men pursue."

Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.

'A modest monologue you here survey,'

Hiss'd from the theatre the 'other day.'"

The one actually sent in by Busby began,

"Ye social Energies! that link mankind

In golden bonds—as potent as refined!" and is entirely different from that of which the poet made fun. Busby and his monologues are forgotten, and the matter is now only of interest as a footnote to Byron.

Walter Jerrold.

THE STAYING GUEST.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Severins," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

We all know what it is to watch an old state of things from a new point of view, to be with people who have done or are about to do something we had not expected of them, and which throws a fresh light on what they do and say. Sometimes the tragic jar of temperament or circumstance that leads to the dissolution of a friendship has this effect. The very cast of a man's features and the tone of his

voice take color from the body of his offending, and we could tear our hair in self-reproach that we did not know him from the first as we know him now. How blind and deaf we have been and how wisely we shall walk in the future, we say to ourselves, and make the mistakes we are born to make as long as we live.

Della had a quality of shrewdness that stood her in good stead when she was dealing with the common ups and

downs of life. She chose her friends well and managed her uncle's servants well. She was loyal and just. But against her shrewdness you had to set her guilelessness. She was so incapable of intrigue that she did not see it in others and the feline arts were nearly as far from her recognition as from her practice. She would not have admitted this to you. She would have said that at school she had met scheming girls and known them for what they were. She told herself, as she tried to weigh and banish Mr. Popplestone's absurd suggestion, that she had never quite liked Lydia, never made a friend of her, but only harbored her at her uncle's fireside. She felt impatient to reach the house to see her with new eyes and to judge whether there was any cause for alarm.

She was shown with Mr. Popplestone into a drawing-room full of hungry people all waiting politely but eagerly for lunch. The Admiral, indeed, was hardly polite. He asked Delia why she had been so long, and snorted at Mr. Popplestone when he heard about the grain of gravel in the good man's boot.

"Why didn't you leave him behind?" he whispered loudly. "No one would have missed him. I can't stand the fellow. Can you? Look at him! Combing his hair with his fingers! Ugh! Come on, Delia, I'm hungry."

Delia went on with every one else and found herself a moment later close to Mrs. Audley. "I must talk to you," she managed to whisper as they passed into the dining-room: for Mrs. Audley was the only person in the world to whom Delia ever talked of what troubled her; and she was the only person this morning who had seen in Delia's face directly she arrived that something untoward had happened. At lunch Delia found herself on her

host's left hand, with Mrs. Audley opposite. There were a good many young people present, so the table was a long one, and what gardening papers call "floral decorations" hid the people a little way off. Delia could not even see who sat on her uncle's left side. Admiral Audley and he were to right and left of the hostess, and Mr. Popplestone, she saw, sat in silent misery between Christabel and a lively daughter of the house. She could see Jem too. He was next but one to her uncle, and he seemed to be in good spirits. At last, by bending forward rather markedly, Delia saw who sat between her uncle and Jem, and got as she expected, a glimpse of Lydia's grey hat and smiling face.

"Looking for your uncle, Delia," said her host; "he's all right, but I don't think I know the young lady next to him. Did she come with you?"

"She is staying with us—a Miss Jordan," said Delia.

"Jordan—Jordan—where have I heard the name?"

"Probably in church," said Mrs. Audley.

"She does n't live about here, then?"

"No," said Delia.

"Your uncle looks wonderfully well—and young for his age. Keeps his looks, does n't he? Shows what it is to be a bachelor without any family cares. No one would think to look at us that we were at school together, but we were, we were."

"He's had the care of me for a long time," said Delia.

"You mean you've had the care of him—that's how the land lies at Helm Close—doesn't it, Mrs. Audley?"

"I certainly cannot imagine Helm Close without Delia," said Mrs. Audley.

"I was away for nearly three years—at school and in Germany," Delia reminded her.

"Yes, and whatever wanted doing

in and out of the house must wait for the holidays, when you were there and could approve or veto. That's the way you've been brought up, my child."

"No wonder I'm horrid!" said Della.

"It's a wonder you're not," said Mrs. Audley quickly.

The lunch was a sensible short one of three courses, but though Della was hungry it seemed to last a long time. She knew that after lunch all the young people would troop out and gather daffodils, but for once she did not mean to go with them. When every one got up from table she kept close to Mrs. Audley, who remembered what the girl had said and what she had looked like when she first arrived.

"I'm not going to sit up and behave pretty," the older woman said; "my walk has tired me, and my cousin insists on my lying down upstairs in her room. Come there too, Della, then we can talk."

"But if we talk you won't rest," said Della with compunction. Mrs. Audley said that her old bones would rest and that her mind would be easier when she knew what Della had to say. She then looked back at her cousin, who was not far off, and said some word of apology for carrying Della off with her.

"I was so sorry when I found that you had been left behind with Mr. Pop," she began directly she was comfortably tucked up on the sofa in her cousin's pleasant sitting-room. "How did it happen? What was Miss Jordan doing?"

"She was with Uncle Charles and Jem."

"Alas! how easily things go wrong," said Mrs. Audley.

"They do, indeed!" sighed Della.

"Poor Della! Three miles with Mr. Pop. No wonder she sighs!"

"Mrs. Audley, he proposed to me."

"TO YOU!!!"

Mrs. Audley half sat up, her surprise was so great; and she looked at Della, who was sitting on the floor with a hand-screen between her face and the fire. She waited for Della to speak, and wondered why the girl should look so serious and so troubled.

"But why did he propose to you when he is going to marry Miss Jordan?" she asked.

"He doesn't dream of marrying Miss Jordan. He was furious when he found I thought of it."

"What did you say to the creature?"

"No, thank you. What can one say? It was altogether horrid, Mrs. Audley. I supposed he meant Miss Jordan and encouraged him to marry."

"As a matchmaker you have not been successful, Della."

"Don't call me that. Jem takes that view, and we had a sort of quarrel the other day—"

"About that little baggage?"

"You distrust her? and so does Mr. Popplestone. How odd! I have only thought of her as a poor, pretty little thing one pitied. She seemed to like Mr. Popplestone and to lead him on. It has not been my doing really. I thought that it was—more comfortable for her to marry him and live at Low Croft than to be turned out of doors by Gilbottles, and she seemed to think so too."

"Do you know why the Gilbottles turned her away?"

"She told us. The son wanted to marry her."

"Yes." Her monosyllable and the silence that ensued were both significant.

"How tiresome everything is!" cried Della. "I haven't told you the worst yet."

"Why did you quarrel with Jem?"

"He accused me of matchmaking and said it was abominable."

"Silly boy. He's the spit of his father, only uglier, and I've never known the Admiral able to see the moon in the sky—even on a fine night."

"But you thought it, Mrs. Audley."

"I thought it and approved. I should be glad to see Miss Jordan settled—or out of the way."

Delia had been staring at the Japanese figures on her screen. Now, as if movement would help her, she put the screen down and got up.

"I don't know what to do," she said "I may make things worse if I blunder or hurry."

She went up to the window, and then came back from it and stood near Mrs. Audley.

"Mr. Popplestone thinks that Lydia is trying to marry Uncle Charles," she said.

"I think so too," said Mrs. Audley.

Then Delia knew that on Mr. Popplestone's authority she had not believed it: at least not with this shock of anger and distress.

"We must stop it," said Mrs. Audley, distressed herself by the change in the girl's face.

"She is twenty-three and he is sixty."

"That's why I call her a baggage."

"But what makes you fear it?" asked Delia, and knew as she spoke that the question was both unanswerable and futile. It was true; it was patent; and the question to ask was, could it be prevented?

"What are we to do?" she said.

"That's a sensible question," said Mrs. Audley. "The other was the sort of question a man asks: the sort of question that gets asked in a court of law. I don't know what most men believe, but they all talk, poor dears, as if our inexpressive tongue were as subtle and as complicated as life."

"I know Jem does," said Delia.

"Jem is the cleverest of my three boys, but he's generally in the wrong," said Mrs. Audley.

"If I were out of the question, if I were going to the end of the world next week, I should hate to think of such a marriage for Uncle Charles," brooded Delia. "I don't want to see it only from my own point of view, but of course that counts."

"Why is the girl staying on so long? Why doesn't she find fresh work?"

"Oh! she has just stayed on—Uncle Charles asked her to at first—and lately it has seemed a matter of course. I was willing to give her a chance, and I thought that Mr. Popplestone was attracted. I've been stupid. She has been much more my uncle's companion than mine, and it sets me free. She potters about the garden with him and goes out in the car with him. But it's impossible—impossible—Uncle Charles—and a little waif and stray like that."

"We must stop it," said Mrs. Audley. "She must stray somewhere else as quickly as possible."

"It isn't easy. She has nowhere else to go. We can't turn her out as the Gilberts did."

Mrs. Audley said she must think things over. She had the germ of an idea, but she would not unfold it until she saw her way to carry it out. If Delia would come to lunch to-morrow and bring Lydia; and if Mr. Butler would give the Admiral lunch at Helm Close the idea would be twenty-four hours older and ready to hatch. So that was arranged, and after a little further talk the two ladies went downstairs and found that the whole party was still out of doors. Delia did not see her uncle and Lydia again until every one had gathered in the hall for tea. Jem, who had hardly spoken to Delia all day, now found a seat beside her.

"What have you been doing to offend Mr. Pop?" he asked unexpectedly.

"What do you mean?" said Delia.

"He has been grumbling all the afternoon about the fatigue and disappointments of the day. He wanted to clear out the moment after lunch, but unfortunately he had come in your car and had not ordered his own trap to meet him at Alderton—otherwise he might have walked back to Horton, taken the train to Alderton and driven home comfortably from there. He found a long motor drive a great strain both on the eyes and the temper: and so on. You know his tone. I feel rather worn myself after an hour of it. He is worse than usual to-day and when Christabel jumped across a stream and he tried to follow her he floundered right in up to his knees. I had to bring him back and doctor him with dry clothes and hot grog—poor man. I wonder if the grog will make him happier."

Delia's instinct was towards reticence. If she had chosen a proverb it would have been "The least said the soonest mended." She had confided in Mrs. Audley but it did not even occur to her to confide in Jem. It was more honorable, in her language more "decent," to keep Mr. Pop's disappointment to herself. She knew she could trust Jem's mother not to make it known.

"I don't think anything would make him happy long," she said. "He is one of your born grizzlers and he has a temper."

"A beastly temper I should think," said Jem and fetched her tea and scones. Delia could not help comparing the two men who had both offered her marriage this year and both been refused. If Mr. Popplestone felt it too much she thought that Jem felt it too little. No doubt his work was absorbing and satisfying, but he could not have wanted her badly since he did

without her so well. This afternoon when he had provided her with tea and scones, he went across the hall to Lydia and stayed there till the party broke up. Delia was not sorry when this moment came, for, like Mr. Popplestone, she had not enjoyed her day. Lydia, on the contrary, was sparkling and triumphant until she found that on the drive back she was not to sit next to Mr. Butler. At dinner and throughout the evening Delia's manner was urbane, but Lydia instantly perceived the new touch of frost in it. She turned rather silent and sulky and showed no pleasure when she heard of Mrs. Audley's invitation to lunch next day.

"I would much rather have lunch at home," she said.

"I'm sorry, but I've accepted for you," said Delia.

As early as she could she ended an uncomfortable evening and went to bed. She was not much surprised when she went upstairs to find Martha waiting for her. The old woman sometimes paid her an evening visit because she liked to hear of the day's doings, and when she did Delia never rang for her maid. Martha helped her and listened to a history of events that told her nothing she really wanted to know.

"To-morrow," ended Delia, "Miss Jordan and I are going to lunch at Applethwaite."

"Ah wonder at that," said Martha.

"Why?" asked Delia, taken by surprise.

"Ah should have thought that Miss Jordan would stay behind and have lunch with the maister. She mostly does."

It was true. Lydia usually stayed behind and until now Delia had attached no importance to it.

"To-morrow Miss Jordan is coming with me," she said. Martha sniffed and plaited Delia's beautiful hair. Then

before she bid good-night she delivered her parting shot.

"Ah suppose ye know, ma'am," she said stiffly, "at any rate I think ye ought to know, that every evening for the last fortnight Miss Jordan goes back to the library after you coom up here and sits with the maister while he smokes."

"Does she?" said Delia, trying to appear indifferent, "there is no harm in that, Martha. She probably likes a cigarette herself."

"Ah don't hold with ladies smoking, ma'am, and Miss Jordan too with her living to get, if ye did n't keep her here as ye do."

"She won't stay here for ever."

"Ah'm not as sure of that as ye are, ma'am," said the old woman crab-bily and marched away having, as she muttered to herself, "done her duty."

She left Delia both angry and troubled. Apparently her house-mates were not as blind as she had been. No doubt Smith had communicated with Martha and the two old servants had agreed that their young mistress ought to know what was going on. That they disapproved was plain just as Mrs. Audley disapproved. Delia felt that she had her world with her in wishing to save her uncle from such an entanglement. After some moments of agitated disagreeable hesitation she decided that she would see for herself whether Martha spoke the truth. It would be a great relief if she found her uncle alone, or found that he had gone upstairs to bed. While she thought she acted: pinned up her hair and put on a teagown. She felt, obscurely, that she did not want to appear at a disadvantage and she had a black lace teagown that went on in a moment and gave her height and dignity. She certainly looked all her inches when she opened the library door and stood there in surprised displeasure. For a mo-

ment she neither spoke nor moved. Lydia sat on the arm of Mr. Butler's chair smoking a cigarette. She sprang hastily to her feet at the sound of the opening door, but Delia had seen that her head was actually on her host's shoulder. Mr. Butler had an open atlas on his knees and when his niece came in he began to explain and protest too much. They were looking at the lie of the daffodil valley he said. Lydia thought it went north and south, but he was showing her that it was east and west.

But it was time now for them all to be in bed and he supposed Delia had come to say so.

"I want to speak to my uncle," Delia said, turning to Lydia. "I thought I should find him alone."

"You would have done so a moment later. I was just going," she said and with the briefest of good-nights she went. Her manner for the first time had a touch of impertinence in it and more than a touch of temper.

Mr. Butler was greatly relieved to find that Delia only wanted to talk to him about tomorrow's plans. She had forgotten to tell him before that possibly Admiral Audley would come over to lunch tomorrow. Would her uncle be free to entertain him?

"I shall be here," he said. "I understand that you are going out, my dear."

"Lydia and I are going to Applethwaite," said Delia.

"You will want the car then?"

"If you don't want it."

"I shall be busy in the garden—pruning my roses. Lydia wanted to look on, by the way. She takes a great interest in gardening. She came in to ask me if I couldn't get her out of the engagement at Applethwaite."

"I'm afraid that is impossible," said Delia; "I told her so."

"She is so keen about the garden."

"Is she?"

"Bless me, my dear, haven't you no-

ticed? She has been out there as much as I have lately."

"I'm 'afraid I've been unobservant," said Della.

"I think she ought to have a corner to play with. It's the only way to learn."

Della opened her eyes.

"I think it is time she found something to do," she said. "She has been here more than six weeks."

"You don't say so. How time flies! But she isn't in your way at all, surely? She is such a quiet, pleasant little thing, and so cheerful. We should both miss her."

Della found it difficult to answer. She had planted her idea, the idea that Lydia was not permanently established at Helm Close; and she decided that she would not say more till she had seen Mrs. Audley again.

"It's too late and I'm too tired to make plans tonight either for Lydia or ourselves," she said; "we will see what to-morrow brings forth."

CHAPTER XIV

Lunch was over, and Mrs. Audley was sitting near the morning-room fire with Della, Lydia, and Christabel. Mary had gone out with Mr. Dalrymple and Jem. During lunch it had been announced that Christabel was going to Berlin to finish her education and that she was to stay in the Muggendorferstrasse with the von Quints. She had always known that this fate lay before her, but she had not expected, she said, to be hoofed out of the house in such a hally hurry.

"None of us expected it," said Mrs. Audley, and now, as they sat together over the fire, she explained to Della how it had come about.

"The whole thing has been settled in a hurry," she said. "I heard that Mrs. Aysgarth was taking Marjorie Fair to the von Quints, and I wrote at once to ask her if she would mind hav-

ing Chris with them. I didn't say anything yesterday, because until I got Frau von Quint's letter this morning I couldn't be sure that they had room. I didn't want to raise Christabel's hopes and then dash them to the ground."

"I know I shall hate it," said Christabel. "If Marjorie hates it too I shall egg her on to run away. Then we shall get lost in Germany and put in prison and languish there for years because we can't explain ourselves. I'm not going to swot at German as Mary and Della did. I hate wasting my time. I don't suppose Della can say 'Bo' to a German goose now."

"I do hope you won't use those expressions over there or sit on the arm of a chair or swing your legs" said Mrs. Audley. "Do you think they will improve her, Della?"

"I think they will have fits if Chris carries on as she does here. They are all nerves, Chris, and you'll get yourself disliked if you whistle and slam doors. Even when *lieber August* did they used to say *Ach meine arme Nerven* and cry; and August is a man. You'll find out what it is to be a *junges Mädchen* in Germany, my child."

"And won't it be good for her?" said Mrs. Audley.

"Is August interesting?" said Christabel. "Is he romantic and melancholy like the Master of Ravenswood? I like those old-fashioned aristocratic starving heroes. They have quite died out."

"August von Quint is a clerk in a grocery firm," said Della. "He is short and stout, and has what Jem calls a corporation. When any one disagrees with him he hammers on the table and screams."

"Poor August!" said Lydia. "He thinks himself irresistible."

"Oh! do you know the von Quints? I had forgotten," said Mrs. Audley.

Her manner to Lydia was always suave and polite, and yet Lydia always

resented the want of cordiality in it. She felt herself kept civilly but firmly at arm's length in this household, even by the flapper.

"I know them and detest them," she said curtly.

"Mary was fond of the two ladies," said Mrs. Audley, and passed on to another subject. "Dr. Nicholls is so anxious for the Admiral to get a thorough change this spring," she said, addressing Della; "that was one reason why I seized at this chance for Christabel."

"This chance of getting rid of your Christabel," amended the flapper.

"The boys will be away now till August, and Mary is going on a round of visits, and the house wants some painting and papering. . . . I don't know what you'll say, Della, but I've been conspiring against you."

"Have you?" said Della, feeling like a conspirator herself, for she knew that these sudden plans were affected, if not formed, by her confidences yesterday.

"We are going to the Italian Lakes, and we want you and your uncle to come, too," said Mrs. Audley, in the easy voice that would have made a flight to the moon sound feasible.

But she could see Lydia's face, and she knew that the girl heard the declaration of war, wrapped up though it was in a friendly invitation. The plan ignored her, and threatened her, and as she listened to it she went white with rage. If she had looked disturbed and surprised, it would have been only natural, and Mrs. Audley would have felt sorry for her. But the girl's inward nature came to the surface with an ugly flash just now: and the revelation of it justified strong measures.

"But when are you going?" asked Della, showing the surprise she felt.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Audley, picking up a calendar. "To-day is Friday. We go to London on Monday, and I want a few days there to see to

Christabel's clothes. The Aysgarths start on Friday—from London, I mean. I thought we might get off on Saturday, have the week-end in Paris, and then go on."

"I wonder what Uncle Charles will say."

"The Admiral says he won't go unless your uncle goes too," said Mrs. Audley. "He wants a man along; and I want you, Della."

"Doesn't Mary wish she was going?"

"No. She doesn't want to give up her visits. They are all fixed, and will keep her away till Whitsuntide."

Della knew that one of Mary's visits would be to Mr. Dalrymple's people in Derbyshire, and that her engagement would be officially announced from there. The young couple had arrived at an unofficial understanding while they gathered daffodils yesterday, and were only waiting for Mr. Dalrymple to see his parents before making it public. The journey proposed by Mrs. Audley sounded delightful, and would end a painful situation in an easy way. To be sure the present hour was not agreeable. Something must be said to Lydia, and some plan made for her. Della wondered whether Mrs. Audley had any ideas. There is no doubt that in actual practice benevolence creates a claim. Helm Close had been kind to Lydia, and could not now cast her out inconsiderately. It remained to be seen how she would behave. She was apparently interested in the silver knick-knacks on a small table near her, and she had taken up a pair of old silver snuffers in order to work them to and fro like a pair of scissors. Her eyelids were lowered over her eyes.

"What are your plans, Miss Jordan?" said Mrs. Audley. "Have you found work that you like yet?"

"No," said Lydia shortly. She was not going to make it easy for these

hateful women. They were springing this plan on her as a consequence of Delia's suspicions which had only been roused yesterday. Again the women of the house were casting her adrift because the men-folk liked her too well. She had always detested women and found them her enemies.

"You would probably find what you wanted at once if you were in London," said Mrs. Audley.

"Do you think so?" said Lydia.

"Yes, I do. When Miss Robinson left us I took her up for a week. She went to the best agencies and was suited in three days."

"Lucky Miss Robinson!" jeered Lydia.

"You'll break those snuffers in a minute," said Christabel, who had been watching the frail old silver viciously shut and opened. "We are never allowed to touch them. They belonged to my great-great-grandmother, who was a friend of the Regent's, and from all accounts must have been hot stuff."

"Where does she pick up these gutter expressions?" asked Mrs. Audley helplessly.

"Perhaps from Miss Robinson," said Lydia.

"Have you friends in London?" asked Mrs. Audley ignoring the girl's impertinence.

"Yes."

"Would they put you up?"

"Not if they could help it."

"I thought you had cousins at Seven-oaks," said Delia.

"They have gone back to Berlin," said Lydia, getting rid without more ado of people who had never existed.

"Will you come up with us next Monday and stay at the Warrington with us till Friday?" said Mrs. Audley. "You might get suited at once."

"I am afraid it is only cooks who get suited at once," said Lydia.

"Well, you must come up with us

on Monday and try," said Mrs. Audley urbanely. She did not mean to let Lydia upset her well-made plans.

"It will be great fun," said Christabel. "We are going to the theatre every night. Jem has promised to see to that."

Lydia did not speak. She had neither accepted Mrs. Audley's invitation nor refused it. She sat there sulky and offended, the victim of machinations she could not frustrate.

"Suppose we ring up your uncle," Mrs. Audley said soon to Delia. "If he has agreed to go we shall know where we are and can get on with our plans."

So Delia and Christabel went off to the telephone together and left Lydia alone with Mrs. Audley. At first the girl did not speak, but presently she raised her large well-shaped eyes.

"It is very kind of you to ask me to stay with you in London," she began.

"Oh! not at all," said Mrs. Audley rather embarrassed.

"I did not want to distress Miss Middleton by saying so just now—but I must take anything I can get at once—I—have neither friends nor money."

"I thought you had friends."

"I have some cousins at Shepherd's Bush; but they are poor themselves. I could not quarter myself on them for long."

"I am sure you will find something," said Mrs. Audley. "Anyhow, you will be looked after until you do."

"I suppose Mr. Butler is sure to take this journey. He always does as Miss Middleton tells him, doesn't he?"

"In this case we are trying to persuade him," said Mrs. Audley; but she only called an expression of satirical unbelief into Lydia's eyes that was disconcerting.

The two girls came back from the telephone, saying that at Helm Close everything was settled. Mr. Butler agreed to go and proposed to take his car with him. He had spoken to Delia

himself, but had been impatient to get back to the maps and time-tables, which were giving the two gentlemen an entertaining afternoon.

"I have never travelled in a car," said Della. "How about one's luggage?"

She was rather surprised that her uncle had consented to the plan so easily. He must see that it would send Lydia about her business. In fact he had been told by telephone that she was going to London with the Audleys, and had replied that it would be a pleasant little change for her. It almost sounded as if he recognized his own danger and was glad of a rescue. Della looked forward to an uncomfortable return journey with Lydia that afternoon and to some uncomfortable hours before next Monday. For the moment Mrs. Audley made a diversion by proposing that they should all take a stroll round the garden. When they got there they were joined by Jem, but he did not stay long with them. He wanted a row, he said, and turned down a path leading to the boathouse. Lydia sauntered beside him, while the three other ladies went on to the greenhouses.

"You had better come out on the lake with me," he said, when he found her beside him.

"I should love it," she said.

"I suppose Della will stay to tea. There is no hurry—is there?"

"I don't think there can be," said Lydia, who wanted the row and did not care whether or not she kept Della waiting.

They got into a boat, pushed off, and began to row across the lake. At least, Jem rowed while Lydia sat lazily in the stern looking at him and at the water and the sky. They did not talk much at first. They were both thinking of yesterday when Lydia had confided to him that she could not bear Mr. Popplestone. She had not said

that pressure had been brought to bear on her with regard to him. It was Jem who read that in her unfinished replies and demure confession of dislike. His interpretation even went further and exonerated Mr. Butler at Della's expense. He thought Della quibbled when she said she was not matchmaking. He had seen them start home yesterday and had seen Della manoeuvre to sit next to Mr. Butler herself and put Lydia next to Mr. Popplestone; he had seen Lydia try to escape her fate and be defeated by Della's quiet authoritative instructions. When Della took the law into her hands she did it effectively.

"How did you get on yesterday?" he asked. "Was the homeward journey pleasant?"

"How could it be?" said Lydia. "I have told you that I do not like Mr. Popplestone. I like him least of all when he wishes to be agreeable."

A man like Jem looks his best when he is rowing. Even Lydia, who had hardly ever been in a boat recognized that he rowed well: without apparent effort and with a quiet, even stroke.

"I think you are quite right," he said after an interval.

Lydia looked at him inquiringly.

"Not to be persuaded," he explained.

"Oh!" she said sighing: and then there was a pause again while Jem did a bit of hard rowing and got out of the way of a *Una* yacht. There were a good many on the lake this fine afternoon.

"Do you agree with Dr. Nicholls about the Admiral?" she asked suddenly when Jem's stroke was lazy again.

"What?" said he.

"Perhaps you don't know."

"Know what?"

"That Admiral and Mrs. Audley are going to the Italian Lakes because the Admiral needs a change."

"I don't suppose it will hurt him, and my mother loves travelling."

"And that Mr. Butler and Miss Middleton are going with them."

Jem rowed several strokes in silence.

"What becomes of you?" he asked then.

Lydia made a little gesture with her lips as if she was blowing away a bit of thistledown.

"I go . . . like that," she said.

"Oh! nonsense," said Jem, "they'd never do that."

Lydia looked at the water so that Jem could only see her downcast eyes, and she smiled—presumably at his ignorance.

"Do you mean it?" he said, and then she looked up with her eyes full of tears: but she did not speak. He supposed she could not because she was so hurt by her sudden inconsiderate dismissal, and the thought of it roused his anger. He said nothing but he looked thunderous. Lydia wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and with a little choke in her voice began to answer him.

"I've been there weeks and weeks," she said. "They sheltered me when I had nowhere to go and what was my claim on them? Naturally they want this enchanting journey—"

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Jem. "You couldn't expect them to give it up."

"I don't expect them to give anything up," said Lydia.

"But they ought to look after you; I am sure they will."

"You can't expect Miss Middleton to understand what it means to be in the cockpit of life, as women without money are. Very fortunate, petted people are always a little hard, perhaps a little selfish."

"I shall speak to Della myself," growled Jem.

"There is no need. Mrs. Audley saw that it was hard on me and she has

been kindness itself. She is taking me up to London on Monday and keeping me till Friday. I shall have three whole days. I may find people who will take me on faith. I can't ask Mrs. Gilbottle for a reference, as she behaved so badly."

"You do have beastly luck," said Jem.

"In some ways," said Lydia.

"I'm glad my mother saw what was right to do. It's all nonsense about your having been at Helm Close so long. I can't understand Della. Of course Mr. Butler can be twisted any way by anyone."

Jem was very angry indeed or he would not have spoken in this tone of his old friends: very angry and very sorry for the unhappy wandering damsel in the stern of the boat.

"I wonder where you will go next?" he said.

"I shall have to go where I can," she said.

"You'll stay in England?"

"I hope so. If I can earn my bread here."

"I might hear of something—it's in my mind that some people I know at Wimbledon—"

Lydia's eyes flashed with joy and hope and gratitude.

"Oh, if you would—if you could—and friends of yours—perhaps people you see sometimes."

"Oh, yes," said Jem gruffly; "they are people I see."

"Dr. Audley," said Lydia, "you mustn't say a word about me to Miss Middleton."

"But I want to say several words."

"I know—any one like you would—but I beg you not to. Everything I have said, and especially every word about poor Mr. Popplestone, has been said in confidence. You see it is quite impossible after being their guest for weeks—a stranger, remember, and their guest—that I should complain to

any one or even feel myself ill used because I am not to be their guest any longer. It would be preposterous—from their point of view. I've no grievance. They are quite within their rights."

"Oh! I see that," said Jem.

"It is the way it was done that hurt . . . so suddenly . . . at your house . . . the whole plan broached and settled without a word to me."

The thunder came back to Jem's face as he rowed swiftly and fiercely towards home again. "I suppose we must go in," he said.

"But you promise!"

"Oh! Yes, I promise—if you wish. It's your affair," said Jem, as he shipped his oars.

They strolled slowly through the garden and back to the house, arriving in the drawing-room just as the others sat down to tea. Jem waited on Lydia, sat down near her, and talked to her.

He hardly looked at Della, and she wondered why his face was so dark and his manner so unfriendly.

"We met Mr. Popplestone in Wray-side," Mary Audley said suddenly. "He says he is going abroad for a time."

"I hope not to the Italian Lakes," said Mrs. Audley.

"He looked gloomier than ever," narrated Mary. "He said he hardly expected to return alive. Where is he going?"

"Only to Brittany: but he hears that it is full of typhoid."

"Why does he go, then?"

"He said it didn't seem to matter much whether he was alive or dead."

"He must have been crossed in love," said Christabel.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," said Jem in an undertone to Lydia: and she smiled understandingly.

(To be continued.)

FOX.*

It is more than thirty years since a young statesman of brilliant promise, who was already celebrated as the author of one of the greatest of biographies, gave to the world a portly volume called "The Early History of Charles James Fox." Even the high literary renown of Mr. Trevelyan gained fresh lustre from that publication. A rare gift of historical portraiture, an uncommon familiarity with the social life of the period, the charm of style and the shrewd common sense that marked every page, raised the book above the level of all other monographs of its time, and no one has questioned its right to be included

* George the Third and Charles Fox. The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O. M. vol. 1. Longmans, Green, and Co. 1912.

in every representative library. Yet, some of its warmest admirers are conscious of its grave faults. The title of the book is a misnomer; its construction chaotic. So few of its pages are devoted to its putative hero, and so many to certain of his contemporaries, that it might with justice have been christened 'The Strange Career of Mr. John Wilkes,' or 'The 'Early History of King George the Third.' Nor are its only blunders those of form. From first to last its author is swayed by the gospel according to Lord Macaulay. Unhappily, the attempt to trace an ancient lineage for the Liberal party of Mr. Gladstone's time by claiming a sort of apostolic descent from the Rockingham Whigs *via* Charles Fox has led the disciples of this creed to

imagine that their political ancestors possessed the larger portion of the virtues and wisdom that they regard as their own. Thus, both Sir George Trevelyan and his Gamaliel, reading the history of the eighteenth century through the spectacles of the nineteenth, have overestimated the importance of one small Whig faction, and this attitude seems to color all their judgments of men and events.

It is an obvious truth that the great Whig party, founded upon the principles of the revolution, was rent into fragments by schism, as every political party must be, as soon as the necessity for its existence came to an end. It was brought into being in order to maintain the Hanoverian succession and to establish the principle of parliamentary government. Since the first two Georges were content with their Dogship the last object was regarded as an accomplished fact in the early days of Walpole's long reign of power, while all fear of the Pretender ceased with the *débâcle* of '45. When George the Third ascended the throne, the fight for the spoils of victory had reduced the parliamentary system to a contest between rival factions, and the disorganization of the great political machine which had manufactured the revolution gave the young king the opportunity of strengthening his prerogative. Unconstitutional though such an attempt may have been, and however disastrous we may consider its consequences, no conscientious historian will contend that the action of the monarch united the scattered forces of the Whigs and welded them once again into a compact and regenerate party. It is impossible to disregard the one paramount truth that they had ceased to represent, as at their origin they had represented, the will of the nation, which regarded the growing despotism of George the Third with lazy tolerance, and looked coldly

upon the struggles of the varied factions that opposed his ministers in order to obtain a share of place and power. The mobs of sailormen and weavers that rose in riot from time to time cared nothing for the pretensions of the rival political gangs, breaking heads and windows because they were hungry, without knowing whether the Grenvilles or the Rockinghams ruled in Parliament. Until the American war there was only one great popular upheaval, occasioned by the tyranny of the House of Commons in repudiating the choice of the Middlesex electors, an agitation which owed all its force to the wily dexterity and personal magnetism of John Wilkes.

Apart from the desire to build up a respectable political pedigree, there seems little reason why the Macaulay school should have chosen the Rockingham party from among the heterogeneous minority that opposed the ministers of George the Third as their parliamentary ancestors. Only the imagination of a partisan can detect a resemblance between the principles of this small junto and the dogmas that have been the glory of latter-day Liberalism. It repealed the Stamp Act solely at the dictation of Chatham, who perceiving its invertebrate character, declined to have any truck with its leader. It treated Wilkes, after he was made an outlaw, with base ingratitude, only espousing his cause later, because the Middlesex election had become the burning question of the day. Its first brief tenure of office showed it destitute of unity, and though it gained strength in opposition during the American war through the support of Chatham and the adherence of Charles Fox it was never popular with the people of England, who were wise enough to realize that it was only a branch of the old Whig stem, and like the parent trunk had fallen into uselessness and decay. Its one glorious

possession was the genius of Edmund Burke.

It is necessary to challenge the pretensions of the Victorian Liberals to an apostolic succession from the Rockingham Whigs because this odd fallacy has tinged the pages of Sir George Trevelyan's new volume upon Fox with the same lurid hues that colored the one written thirty years ago. Once again he storms at Sandwich and Rigby, Germain and Weymouth, in the same spirit in which he might have declaimed against Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Smith in defence of Mr. Gladstone. Although we may rejoice that the Georgian politicians are so real to him, it is less satisfactory to note that a distinguished author is reminiscent of the methods of a Stanhope or an Adolphus. The old faults in construction are as apparent as before. The book is called "George the Third and Charles Fox," but little is said about the king, and not much more about the statesman. Most of the work is devoted to an account of the American revolution, conceived in the partisan spirit of George Bancroft, interspersed with philippics against the English ministers. Yet no biography will ever be deemed excellent when its hero is not displayed as the central figure, or if the various personages depicted in its pages are served up in turn like the comedians of a music-hall. One may go further, and assert that the historian can make a great advance in his art by studying the methods of the novelist, by telling his story in narrative form, without revealing the wand of the showman, as though it were a real story and not merely a series of quotations from old documents; by paying due attention to dramatic construction; and by resuscitating his characters and making them live again as they did actually live before. Doubtless these are high ideals—the methods in fact of Thomas Carlyle—but Sir George Tre-

velyan attained them in some measure in "The Early History of Charles Fox," and therein lay the secret of his success. He might have done better still, if he had not been handicapped by the false doctrine of the apostolic succession, which led him to lose his sense of proportion in the mazes of polemics.

Since the days of George Bancroft historical opinion with regard to the American revolution has been modified, if not entirely changed. The impartial criticism of Lecky and the lapidarian labors of Justin Winsor and his colleagues, have proved that the great revolt was not wholly the result of the sufferings of the colonists, or the oppression and incapacity of English statesmen. One need not belong to the school of historic fatalism to concede that America would have revolted even had Chatham stood in the place of Grenville and Charles Townshend, or if the eloquence of Otis or the statecraft of Samuel Adams had never sown the seeds of rebellion. As in all great wars, the origin of the American revolution was commercial. The restrictions of the navigation laws, which were a direct tax upon colonial trade for the benefit of English merchants and manufacturers, and the "writs of assistance," which gave the custom-house officials, under a system of general warrants, the power to search private houses for smuggled goods, had kindled the flames of disloyalty long before George Grenville passed the Stamp Act. Indeed, unless the whole commercial relationship between England and the colonies had been transformed, the rebellion must have occurred within the space of a few years, even had the English parliament surrendered its right to tax America in order to provide a military force for its protection. Yet, the Livery of London, sound Whigs to a man, who, after hostilities had commenced, bombarded

George the Third with their petitions, addresses and remonstrances, urging him to dismiss his ministers and stop the war, would have bitterly opposed a repeal of the navigation laws, which was the only means by which the result they desired could have been attained. Doubtless, the English statesmen who insisted upon imposing the various import duties upon the exasperated colonies helped to precipitate the struggle, but their measures, tactless though they now appear, hardly did more to incite the Americans to resistance than the encouragement of their sympathizers in England. "The American Revolution was not a quarrel between two peoples," writes Melan Chamberlain,¹ "but, like all those which mark the progress of 'the British race, it was a strife between two parties, the Conservatives in both countries as one party, and the Liberals in both countries as the other party." With this truth in mind the modern antiquary will have a simple task, if he be a partisan, in apportioning the praise and the blame. If he be impartial, it will help him none the less to poise the scales of historical justice.

Rather than enter into controversy with reference to the conduct of the American war, to which a large portion of Sir George Trevelyan's book is devoted, it is preferable to confine one's attention to the statesman who should be the principal figure in his interesting volume. The bitterest opponents of Charles Fox, both posthumous and contemporary, are agreed as to his personal charm. His sweetness of temper, his intense virility, his sympathetic nature, were a heritage from the great and powerful statesman who begot him—a keen shrewd parvenu, who, by pursuing the sordid game of politics for the sake of money with a vigor that surpassed the most avaricious of his

contemporaries, and by committing the unpardonable sin of deserting his party to join his opponents, became in spite of his social virtues more heartily detested than any politician of his day. From his mother—a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, with whom his father had eloped when society still frowned upon him—Fox had inherited the handsome features, the rich coloring and the raven hair of the race of Lennox, in whose veins ran the blood of merry King Charles and Louise de Kerouaille. The favorite child of his parents, from earliest youth nothing was allowed to thwart his wishes. While an Eton schoolboy he paid his first visit to Paris, where Henry Fox, whose relationship to his precocious son resembled that of a vicious elder brother, allowed him to remain for several months, indulging his tastes for gaming and gallantry. At the age of thirteen he was a patron of the playhouse, powdered and coiffured like a man of fashion; when fifteen he was in residence at Oxford; he had scarcely turned seventeen when he was touring the Continent as his own master, squandering at Naples alone more than ten thousand pounds. Before he was of age, he was a member of Parliament, and had become a finished rake and a desperate gamester.

Yet, his education had been far from unprofitable. Both at Eton and at Oxford he was a diligent student, applying himself to work with an ardor that almost savored of pedantry, gaining a knowledge of the classics that was remarkable even in the days when gentlemen knew their Horace and Virgil better than their Bible. His Latin verses were gems of scholarship with almost a spark of genius; his ability as a linguist was proved by the ease with which he acquired the French and Italian tongues. More notable than all else, he had displayed rare talent as a schoolboy debater, for he

¹ "Narrative and Critical History of America," Justin Winsor, vol. vi. p. 1.

possessed the same ready fluency as his father, combined with a fire and vigor that were his own, showing that nature had made him a great orator. Not even the youthful Pitt cultivated his gifts more assiduously. In all things Charles Fox was a laborious person, a striking example of the truth of the much-disputed adage that defines genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

It was in March, 1768, at the age of nineteen, that the young politician was returned for the borough of Midhurst in Sussex, a decadent Whig, zealous in support of the Grafton ministry, which seemed destined to hold office as long as it remained obedient to the arbitrary will of George the Third. From the first he showed himself a bitter opponent of the new popular party that championed the cause of John Wilkes. Six years previously while an Eton schoolboy he had listened to the debates in the House of Commons, when the "North Briton" No. 45 was voted "a false, seditious, and scandalous libel," and he was now prepared to speak and vote for the expulsion of "the patriot," however often the Middlesex electors might return him. Taking his life in his hands, he joined the cavalcade of young bloods that set out with Colonel Luttrell to the hustings at Brentford, an adventure that began with a fierce skirmish amidst the mob at Hyde Park Corner and terminated with the defeat of the ministerial candidate at the poll. His earliest speeches in the House, by which he won a place among the foremost parliamentary orators, were philippics against Wilkes and all his works. Swiftly came his reward, for a year later, when Lord North succeeded Grafton as head of the Government, Fox was appointed one of the lords of the Admiralty.

Never had despotic ministry a more loyal henchman. On every occasion the new recruit was at the service of the

Government, pouring a scornful tirade against the complaints of the people, seeming to take a boyish delight in becoming unpopular with the mob. Junius, though he sneered at him as "yet in blossom," likened his character to that of his *bête noire*, the Duke of Grafton; while "the patriots," deeming that the greatest insult they could hurl against him was to remind him that he was the son of "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions," gave him the nickname of "The Young Cub." We catch a glimpse of him at this period in the full tide of popular odium, leaning out of a coffee-house window in Palace Yard, while an angry crowd surged around Westminster Hall, clamoring for the release of Lord Mayor Crosby, shut up in the Tower on account of an alleged breach of privilege; and when the mob became conscious of the presence of the hated "black boy," a roar of execration arose, while Fox, so it was said, shook his fist in their faces and George Selwyn, who was standing beside him, asked them in derision if he should "throw him down" to them. Whether the picture be over-colored or not, it is certain that the young lord of the Admiralty was one of the most unpopular statesmen of the day.

On the other hand, in Parliament and in society no one had more friends. The opposition benches held almost as many of his intimates as the ministerial. Being himself wholly free from rancor, it was not often that he inspired it in others. When John Wilkes, his bitterest foe in politics, was sick of ague at Preston Park, one of his most welcome visitors was The "Young Cub," who drove out from Brighton in a pony chaise with pretty Lady Barrymore to dine with him. Thus, whenever Fox rose from the Government benches, with black fierce eyes and crimson cheeks, a stout robust figure, wild of gesture and shrill of tongue,

to pour forth a torrent of denunciation upon the thin ranks of the minority, the staunchest Whigs felt no resentment against their passionate critic, and, aware that a kindly smile and a warm grasp of the hand was sure to be his greeting to all whom he most abused, would murmur to one another that it was "only Charles." And though political life grew far sterner for Fox in after years this same apology—the plea for a chartered libertine—was the one most frequently urged on his behalf. Indeed, it is often used by those who write of him still.

In these early days Charles Fox was famed for the smartness of his attire. The Macaroni craze was at its height, and contemporary caricature displays him in a tall powdered toupee with a heavy queue tied by a broad ribbon, his portly frame almost bursting through a suit of rich brocade, and a wide bow beneath his chin, for the bucks of his youth were as eccentric in their dress as the dandies of his old age. With women, both virtuous and ungodly, he was a rare favorite, and scandal whispered that his *amourettes* surpassed in number those of Lord March and the Earl of Pembroke. Though fond of his bottle, he was only on occasions an immoderate drinker, and in spite of his bulk was devoted to the sports of the field. Shooting was his greatest joy, while, inspired perhaps by his friend Lord Carlisle, he gained some skill at cricket. "I am very near the best player," he writes from Kingsgate to a correspondent in the summer of 1771, adding modestly "so you may judge of the rest." In partnership with one of the Foleys he commenced horse-racing with some success, winning, it is said, nearly £20,000 at the Burford meeting, in the season of 1772. At Arthur's and at Almack's he was one of the most inveterate patrons of the gaming table, where his ill-luck at hazard and faro soon overwhelmed him

with a burden of debt, and when unable to pay his losses he had recourse to the Jews. Though at first his friends hinted that he was a bad loser, his various witticisms at the expense of his creditors show that his joyous temperament was never unruffled for long. Endowed with perfect health, with a stout heart and a light conscience, he drained his cup of pleasure as recklessly as Charles Townshend—the brilliant statesman whom he most resembled.

Early in the year 1772 came the first crisis in his political career. Both of the brothers of George the Third had espoused ladies unacceptable at court, and the indignant king demanded that Parliament should pass a Royal Marriage Act in order to prevent princes of the blood from taking wives of their own choice. A storm of protest arose. The proposed legislation was regarded as a defiance of the laws of nature as well as an insult to the whole British nobility, and the most bitter of all the malcontents was Charles Fox. Twenty years previously his father had been a violent opponent of the Hardwicke Act, which put an end to irregular marriages, regarding the new laws as almost a personal insult, his own wedding having been a clandestine one; and naturally the son, out of loyalty to his parents, would not tolerate any fresh restrictions upon matrimony. Another motive may have influenced the young statesman. His favorite aunt, beautiful Sarah Lennox, had won the heart of George the Third soon after his accession, and it was a tradition in the family that only scruples of statecraft had prevented the monarch from making her a queen. No one of the name of Fox could be expected to acquiesce in the principle that a member of the royal family should not be free to marry a subject, and in spite of Lord North's efforts to conciliate him Charles tendered his resignation. For

a few months he sulked in his tent, and then at last he was persuaded to rejoin the administration as a junior lord of the Treasury, but he had lost all regard for party discipline, and, as though aware that the King would never forgive his antagonism to the Marriage Act, seemed resolved to cause as much embarrassment to the Government as possible, before the inevitable rupture. In 1774 he was dismissed by order of George the Third.

His loss was a severe blow to the ministry, but to Fox himself it appeared to mean political isolation. Upon every issue of politics he was hostile to the Whig opposition; each of their favorite dogmas had been assailed in turn by his bitter tongue. Fortunately, however, he had taken little interest in American affairs, never advocating coercive measures against the restive colonists, nor wounding their sensibilities by a single harsh word. Luckily also for him there was no period of transition to consign him to stagnation, for the quarrel with Massachusetts flamed into warfare, and he was called upon to make his choice of policy immediately. Seizing the opportunity without hesitation, he hastened to the assistance of his old enemies, the party of Lord Rockingham, and avowed himself a friend and champion of America.

During the next six years he rose to one of the first positions in Parliament. Undoubtedly it was the period at which he reached his zenith. More capable beyond all question in opposition than in office, he had the inspiration of a great cause. In spite of his change of party there is nothing to indicate that his sincerity in condemning the war was less than that of Chatham. While pleading for his kinsmen in the colonies he was far more in sympathy with public opinion than later in his career when he poured forth eulogies in praise of French Jacobinism. Probably, half the nation was at his back,

including the greater part of the merchants of London. The mismanagement of the war and the incapacity of the ministry fulfilled his earliest prophecies, giving him an opportunity almost every week of inveighing against Germain's military preparations or Sandwich's administration of the Admiralty. Of political prescience, however, he showed a strange lack, denying until within a few months of the Declaration of Independence that the Americans were seeking to cut themselves apart from the motherland. It might be urged, also, that while he was earning a reputation as one of the great parliamentary orators of all time, he and his political friends were lending far more assistance to the United States in their struggle against England than all the ships and soldiers of France.

Having taken his place as one of the principal leaders of the brilliant band that waged a fierce opposition to the war, it was inevitable that his opinions should become more modified year by year, transforming him completely from a rabid Tory into a stubborn whig. Though he did not openly proclaim himself a follower of Lord Rockingham for a considerable period, the philosophy of Burke, his friend and colleague from the earliest days of his apostasy, began to influence his mind from the first. Recognizing the insipid character of the leader, and perceiving no doubt, that, save upon the American question, the party inspired no enthusiasm in the country, he delayed a formal alliance until all chance of union or coalition with other groups had passed away. Scarcely, however, had he made the decisive step than he far outstripped his associates, developing into an extremist, a "redress of grievances" politician, surpassing as an agitator even the imperturbable Wilkes in his palmy days of the previous decade. The irony of politics has

played few more strange pranks than the metamorphosis of "The Young Cub" into the idol of the masses with the fearsome title "The Man of the People."

Still, he remained the most genial of swashbucklers, never losing a friend, sinking deeper into debt day by day with the best of good humor; persistent in the enjoyment of wine and women; racing, hunting, gaming; seeming to grow more active, both in mind and body as his flesh waxed greater in bulk. With his change of principles came a difference in his mode of dress. The buff and blue of Washington's uniform took the place of the variegated hues of the Macaroni, and the old neatness vanished by degrees, while as the habit of untidiness grew upon him his indifference to clean linen and soap and water was the talk of the town. Among his friends the subject of his old clothes was a continual jest. Powder and pomatum no longer concealed his black hair, and his unshaven chin and straggling locks provided the favorite laughing-stock of the caricaturists, both graphic and literary. At this period also he discovered a new source of income, setting up a faro bank at Brooks's Club in partnership with Richard Fitzpatrick, which extinguished the old-fashioned game of hazard, and yielded a golden harvest to its lucky proprietors. Apparently, too, this brilliant scheme was regarded as a monopoly by its inventors, for when a rival table was established they waged a merciless war against it till it was broken and overthrown. "There," chuckled Fox, "so should all usurpers be served." In his life as a gamester it is open to grave doubt whether, as it is generally alleged, he was more sinned against than sinning.

Sir George Trevelyan has not yet finished his narrative of the American war, so it is necessary to anticipate in a few words his final estimate of his

hero's place in history. The remaining period of Fox's career is the most difficult for an apologist to write of convincingly. His claim to be regarded as a great statesman must rest upon his policy during his brief tenures of office, and upon his conduct as the leader of the opposition while his country was engaged in its weary struggle with revolutionary France. It is a record of many failures. The sole act of legislation that bears his name was execrated by the vast majority of his countrymen, who believed that the spirit of faction had influenced his whole policy with regard to India. By an utter disregard of his own principles he condemned his party to long years of impotence, fearing to submit to the test of a general election. Upon the Regency question he shocked the nation by proclaiming the obsolete Tory doctrine of divine right in order to win a party advantage at the expense of constitutional government. At the outbreak of the French Revolution his approval of the Jacobins, both at home and abroad, exercised a deep influence upon European politics, giving lasting encouragement to the friends of anarchy, and sowing the seeds of discord among those who were striving to stem its tide. Year after year his narrow prejudices and his sympathy with the enemies of his country deterred him from joining hands with the English ministers when there was need for the help of every patriotic citizen. His great popularity in France shows how deeply he outraged the sentiments of his native land. Modern cant urges his large-hearted toleration in vain, forgetting that patriotism was regarded as a real virtue in the eighteenth century, and that every statesman must be judged by the spirit of his age. If a hundred years hence the whole world is ruled by the doctrines of Karl Marx, rational critics will not then rate Mr. Asquith any lower be-

cause he did not, in 1912, speak the language of a Hyde Park demagogue. Practical politics sets limits to the aspirations of the philanthropist, and those in places of trust who make mischief by quarrelling with their environment are visionaries, not statesmen.

Latter-day Whigs have long made a fetish of Charles Fox—claiming for him an equal rank with Walpole and Chatham, Peel and Gladstone—and his position as a statesman has in consequence been rated too high. Although he had all the qualities that should have given him a place in the first rank—a great intellect, a clear judgment, undaunted courage, together with perfect health and lofty eloquence—he never won the confidence of the nation, and in spite of his fine sentiments in praise of liberty and toleration, it is doubtful whether he would have been more successful under the franchise of the present day. To the lack of that elusive quality that we call character, which is perhaps the essence of all the others, this failure is usually attributed. It is doubtful, however, whether this is the real explanation. The most immoral of lives did not prevent John Wilkes from remaining the idol of the people as long as he chose to whistle them to heel; a habit of tippling had no effect upon the prestige of William Pitt; nor did Chatham fall in popular esteem because he was a reckless spendthrift. Charles Townshend, who combined all these vices, was a great political force, and might have reached the highest pinnacle, but for his untimely death. Of earnestness, perseverance, integrity, Fox possessed a full measure, while it was the boast of his friends that his word was as good as his bond. He was known to be absolutely incorrupti-

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ble; he was deemed incapable of a lie. But he was wholly destitute of political sagacity—the instinct to do the right thing at the right moment—without which a statesman can make no permanent impression upon his age. Each red herring drawn across his path led him aside in hot chase, and though his sincerity was often unquestionable, he invariably gave the impression of opportunism. His hasty coalition with Lord North, his futile impeachment of Hastings, his encouragement of mutiny and sedition at the darkest hour of national danger, were fatal errors which ruined his party as an effective force, and did nothing to promote the principles that he professed. Thus, it is only as an orator and a debater that he can be regarded as supreme, for owing to his ill-success as a leader of men no triumph of statecraft stands to his credit in the statute-book. For many years after the outbreak of the French Revolution he seems to live in a false theatrical atmosphere of Jacobinism, a mere talking-machine pouring forth paeans in praise of abstract principles, above all things a marplot utilizing the embarrassments of his country to score a party triumph. It is strange that his contemporaries were unable to resist the pun—Fox *et præterea nihil*. Of late, historical criticism has had many dealings with him and with his great rival, and those who look upon their statues may judge of the relative proportions of the two men. The figure of William Pitt appears nobler and more colossal as the fierce glare that beats upon it reveals it more clearly to the eye, while the false glamor that used to transfigure the effigy of Charles Fox fades away before the light of truth.

Horace Bleackley.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

Many complaints have recently been made by Members of the House of Commons of the length of the speeches made by those orators who have been successful in catching the eye of Mr. Speaker in important debates. It is demonstrated, not without bitterness, that in recent Second Reading debates the average duration of the speeches has been an hour, and that so great a lack of consideration has greatly curtailed the period available to less fortunate Members. The provocation, indeed, has actually revived the movement associated with the name of the late Major Rasch, who carried on for many years a program in favor of shorter speeches. An appeal, we are told, has been made to private Members, with the result that a considerable majority of the House is pledged to reform in the direction indicated. The movement has its origin on the back benches, but it would be wrong to assume that the grievance is one of the private Member against the front-bencher. It is a movement of those who are not fortunate enough to catch the eye of Mr. Speaker directed against those who have succeeded in catching his eye. The greatest offenders are by no means Ministers, ex-Ministers, or future Ministers. It is, of course, true that Members of the two front benches are naturally accorded the principal places in debate. They speak when important measures require detailed exposition or detailed criticism; but when, as occasionally happens, the rejection of a measure is left in the hands of a private Member the substitution has not been found to induce economy of debate. The truth is that under modern conditions less time is afforded to what are known as full-dress debates; while far more Members are competent and, being compe-

tent, desire to take part in them. It may be true that the great luminaries of the House of Commons are small in comparison with their predecessors, though even this admission must be qualified by the notorious tendency of mankind to exaggerate the past at the expense of the present: but whether this be true or not, it is undoubtedly true that a constantly growing number of private Members has attained to a degree of debating efficiency which would have astonished, as much as it would have inconvenienced, those who stage-managed Parliamentary Debates in the younger days of Disraeli. Every one will admit that brevity, "concinnitas" of speech, is one of the great gifts of oratory, more valuable because conceded to so few: but the admission does not exclude the reflection that most of the greatest speeches which have ever been delivered in the history of oratory have not been brief. The occasion often dictates the quality of the oratory which is addressed to that occasion. Great subjects stimulate great speakers, but great subjects are not usually treated with adequacy within a short compass of time. Many of Cicero's greatest speeches are models of compression, but few of his greatest speeches are short. I should myself contemplate with the greatest aversion any proposal to limit the length of speeches in the House of Commons. Some of the best speeches I have ever heard there have lasted an hour. It is true that some of the worst have lasted the same time; but it is a far smaller misfortune that an empty House should be bored by a long and foolish speech, than that a crowded House should be denied, in the absence of special leave, the opportunity of hearing a long and wise one. And it is clear that a proposal to grant

any special privilege to the Members of the front benches would be resisted by private Members of all Parties. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Harold Cox, and many other ornaments of parliamentary debate never sat on the front bench at all; and there will always be in the House of Commons a limited number of men of distinguished parliamentary capacity who from idiosyncrasy, independence or accident have never sat upon the front bench. To apply a form of closure to such persons in favor of Under-Secretaries and Junior Lords would be as absurd as it would be intolerable. Any discrimination, therefore, between private Members and those who sit on the front bench may be rejected; and I am aware of no other form of discrimination which can be defended by plausible arguments. It has been proposed that special privileges should be conceded to the Minister introducing a Bill and to the Opposition spokesman against it, but it is evident that the course of debate may easily produce changes which would make it reasonable and proper that later speakers should receive similar indulgence. The House of Commons is a very generous assembly: it listens with pleasure to good speeches however bitter and extreme the standpoint; but to ask for special indulgence in favor of an able partisan making an extreme and bitter speech might easily impose an excessive strain upon this quality. Nor do I place much hope in the most recent suggestion that intending speakers should inform Mr. Speaker of the probable length of their speeches. I assume an honest intention, but even with this assumption the security is miserably poor. No man ever says to himself, and no man ever believes when he rises to make a speech that it will be a very long one; still less does he believe that it will be a very dull one; but the mis-

chief which requires correction is that many esteemed persons do, without anticipating their destiny, make speeches which are both very long and very dull. A record of their falsified intentions would merely supply a few new stanzas to the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. And, after all, the House of Commons is not defenceless. If an inopportune prolixity annoys it at an intolerable moment it can and it does end the mischief by the time-honored admonition "*vide, vide*." If the complaint is not that an unwelcome speech has been interposed after the leaders have spoken, and immediately before a division, but merely that, though delivered at a legitimate moment, the speech is dull and the orator a bore, Members are not compelled to stay and do not stay in the Chamber. Even this Government has not ventured to put so great a strain upon the loyalty of its supporters.

The House of Commons always listens with interest, if not always without interruption, to really able speeches: and interruption in a crowded and otherwise silent House is itself one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to a speaker. Members do not interrupt a dull man who is making no impression: they have other weapons—they either leave the Chamber or they talk.

Those who speak with pessimism of our modern orators seem to me somewhat to ignore the tendency to which I have already referred of mankind to make heroes of their predecessors. I am sure that in the early days of Gladstone and Disraeli, old men who could still recall the brilliant contemporaries of Canning drew comparisons entirely in favor of the early generation. It is true that the taste of the House of Commons has undergone a complete change, but I am by no means satisfied that there are not a certain number of Members in the present

House of Commons who could have conformed with striking and even brilliant success to the parliamentary standards of fifty years ago. It is probably safe to predict that no great House of Commons triumph will be attained hereafter as in the days of Robert Lowe, by Virgilian quotations thrice retorted: still less will a contention be effectively crystallized in a line of Euripides. Had such methods survived perhaps the late Mr. Jebb and the late Mr. Butcher would have suggested matter for reflection to the indiscriminating *laudator temporis acti*. The House of Commons has become more businesslike, responding with faithful reflection to a general tendency in every department of life and letters. We are less florid than our forefathers were: we do not write novels in the method of *Rienzi*, nor do we attempt, if we could, perorations, of the diffuse eloquence demanded of the heroes of the past. Yet in cultivation, in natural eloquence, in the subtlety of dialectics, there are probably at least as large a number of Members entitled to a high place as have ever debated in the House of Commons at any period of its history.

Nothing, for instance, would persuade me that there has ever been a time in the history of the House of Commons in which Mr. Balfour would not have reached the ascendancy which has made him for so many years a unique figure in our Parliamentary Debates. Many people can speak better. I have never heard any one who can think aloud so brilliantly, so spontaneously, and so conclusively. I have heard him rise to speak on vital occasions where it was certain that every word, reported exactly as he uttered it, would be read and re-read by hundreds of thousands, with no notes except such as he had hurriedly scribbled on an envelope during the progress of the debate. Often his speech as delivered

has produced a great impression, sometimes an extraordinary impression, but I have never heard Mr. Balfour speak without reading his speech with a wonder infinitely greater; for its structure, its logical evolution, and its penetrating subtlety of thought always supply elements which help him very little at the moment just because it is not possible instantly to appreciate, while listening to him, their amazing excellence. Several people can make better extemporary speeches than Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, judged by their instantaneous impression, and many can make better ones upon the platform, but I have never heard any one make better extemporary speeches than he, and I am certain that I never shall, judged, not by the impression of the moment upon an excited assembly, but by the far more searching criterion of the deliberate judgment of critical men.

In quite a different way Mr. Asquith possesses extraordinary parliamentary gifts. His methods, I am well aware, might very persuasively be cited in disproof of the protest already made against the correction of prolixity in debate. Mr. Asquith seldom speaks for more than forty minutes, often, and on important occasions, for only half an hour, but it is given to few to bend the bow of Odysseus. He can confine his remarks within reasonable compass simply because he possesses the gift of never saying a word too much; he always has at his command not merely the appropriate but the inevitable word; and it is therefore never necessary for him to use two words where one would express his meaning. Whether he has prepared his speech or whether he is speaking extempore, the one word is always swiftly available. He produces, wherever and whenever he wants them, an endless succession of perfectly coined sentences conceived with unmatched felicity and delivered without hesitation in a parliamentary

style which is at once the envy and the despair of imitators. He never perhaps takes a point very subtle, very recondite, very obviously out of the reach of the ordinary Member of the House of Commons. He lacks Mr. Balfour's chief fascination, that of never taking part in the discussion of a great subject without illuminating it by rays of penetrating analysis wholly novel, wholly unattainable to the average Member, and yet immediately compelling attention and assent. But, on the other hand, he realizes completely the merit of saying better in the House of Commons than any one else in it what all his party are thinking, and giving to their thoughts a felicitous and cogent expression of which they are incapable.

Mr. Bonar Law employs methods of preparation which are, so far as I know, unique. In his most carefully prepared speeches he makes no notes, but formulates in his mind the sequence of his argument in the very words in which it is to be expressed, and then by a series of mental rehearsals makes himself as much master of the whole speech as if he read it from a manuscript on the table. It might have been supposed that such a method of preparation would have imposed an almost intolerable mental strain, but it appears to cause Mr. Bonar Law neither trouble nor anxiety. And the present Session has conclusively shown that Mr. Bonar Law can make extremely successful speeches on occasions on which no preparation was possible. Whether he is making a carefully prepared or an extemporary speech he uses no notes whatever, and in neither case does he ever transgress in the slightest degree the exact proportional treatment which the immediate subject requires. Mr. Bonar Law's style as a speaker is peculiar to himself: he is simple, perspicuous and extremely cogent. Very

few Latin words overload his sentences; indeed, his style and diction resemble those of the late Mr. Bright more closely than those of any parliamentary speaker who has reached a great position in the interval between them. He possesses a pungency, and a degree of combative brilliancy, which have made the closing speeches of many a fierce Party debate a scene of unmixed triumph to his delighted supporters. I have never, during my experience of the House of Commons, heard more successful fighting speeches than those with which he has wound up late at night the Unionist case in the more important debates of the last few months. And he is, in my judgment, only at the beginning of his successes. Until he became leader his interposition in debate was infrequent, and he had acquired the somewhat ambiguous reputation of an expert upon tariff questions. He makes better speeches on the tariff than any one since Mr. Chamberlain, but neither in knowledge nor in range is he a limited man, and successful as he has already proved himself I think he has not entered even yet upon his parliamentary kingdom.

Mr. Lloyd George is undoubtedly a speaker of extraordinary variety, flair, and plausibility. He has three wholly distinct styles of speech. The first is that of Limehouse; the second that of the House of Commons in an excited Party debate; the third that of the House of Commons when he is concerned in forwarding business and conciliating criticism. His cleverness and address in the third method are beyond all praise. He thanks his opponents for their assistance, he compliments them upon their public spirit, he accepts their co-operation with gratitude, and the whole proceeding is conducted with an ingratiating *bonhomie* which, at its best, is extraordinarily clever, if, at its worst,

It recalls the emollient properties of highly-scented soap. His second style, that employed in the combative Party speech in a full-dress debate, does not impress me equally. He is, indeed, a very adroit controversialist on these occasions, but the methods employed are a little crude. His speeches are wholly lacking in that literary quality which marks all the best House of Commons oratory, and when he trusts, as he sometimes does, to the eloquence of the moment, it is usually more that of the platform or the pulpit than of the House of Commons. He is beyond question a very powerful controversialist, but his special merits are to be found rather in his first or third styles than his second. I have never heard him speak on the platform to a great Party audience, but I should imagine that amid these surroundings he is head and shoulders above any contemporary speaker. He is in fact an unmatched demagogue; but it is only fair to add that he is a demagogue not by affectation or from policy, but because he is the sincere mouthpiece of his antecedents and his temperament. His speeches at Limehouse and Newcastle were open to the gravest criticism both on the ground of taste and in relation to their accuracy, but each of them was a formidable dynamic fact. He has never been quite as effective since: his methods have become a little more unctuous and a little more slipshod. His prestige is somewhat impaired, and the atmosphere upon which he, almost more than any one, depends for the highest fulfilment of his powers has become in consequence somewhat blurred; but a politician who can do what Mr. Lloyd George has already done must always be reckoned with as a formidable and incalculable force.

In many ways I consider Mr. Horatio Bottomley to be one of the most attractive speakers to whom I have ever listened. He certainly attains to

a higher degree of excellence in three quite distinct types of speech than any speaker known to me. His House of Commons style was almost ideal. Self-possessed, quiet, irresistibly witty and distinguished equally by common sense and tolerance, he made for himself a position in the House of Commons of which nothing but the loss of his seat would ever have deprived him. I am assured by good judges that he was, if possible, even more effective when addressing a great audience of many thousands, and as a forensic speaker I can say with long experience that his force, his persuasiveness and the perfection of his form were unrivalled. Many men can speak well in the Law Courts who speak well nowhere else: some can speak well in the Law Courts and in the House of Commons: some, again, in the Law Courts and on the platform. I have never met any one who reached so high a degree of excellence in all three methods of speech. He united to a brilliant native humor a broad range of treatment, nerves of steel, an original outlook upon affairs and an exact grasp of detail which hardly ever accompanies the other qualities. His absence from the House of Commons has impoverished the public stock of gaiety, of cleverness, and of common sense.

Mr. Winston Churchill is a speaker of a wholly different type. He could not, of course, have made so great a reputation as a speaker without extraordinary ability, but equally I think he could not have done so if his perseverance and tenacity had been less dogged; for he hardly belongs to the class of orators who are sometimes called "natural." He bestows upon his important speeches a degree of almost meticulous preparation: he elaborates and sometimes over-elaborates. Latterly an excessive dependence upon his manuscript has a little impaired the parliamentary success of some of his most

important speeches, but his hearers enjoy the compensating qualities of these defects. His speeches are marked by an arresting literary quality. Some of his phrases are scarcely less happy than those of Disraeli; and nearly all his carefully considered speeches bear the impress of deep and fruitful thought. He is more instinct with the House of Commons spirit than any of the new generation. He has brooded deeply upon the records of parliamentary oratory, has analyzed with inexhaustible patience the temperament of the House of Commons, and will perhaps recall to a generation which has almost forgotten them the parliamentary standards and modes of expression amid which Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chaplin served their apprenticeship.

Eight years ago Mr. Winston Churchill wrote in
The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Hugh Cecil were intimates, confederates, and, in a sense, rivals. Lord Hugh was then, and is now, a far more spontaneous speaker than Mr. Churchill, and he has other qualities which, so far as I know, no one in the House of Commons but himself possesses. He unites to the most tenacious combativeness an idealism of view which even those who are most affronted by his controversial bitterness admit in their hearts. Indeed, nothing is more striking than to observe how the Government Benches, almost unable to control their disagreeable anticipations when Lord Hugh rises to speak, are compelled in spite of themselves to listen and often even to sympathize with an outlook upon affairs which has so little in common with their own.

F. E. Smith.

A TIGHT PLACE.

BY SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G.

They were sinking the fifth big cylinder of the Periyakulam railway bridge, when Bruce, the engineer in charge of the job, passed the word shoreward that he stood in need of divers.

The cylinder—a great iron tube, twelve feet in diameter, coated inside with a layer of solid concrete a dozen inches thick, and bolted together in lengths of eight feet each—had already sunk down through the mud and ooze of the river-bed to a depth of over five fathoms below the water-level. For days the heavy grab had been busy plunging down through the cylinder into the soft bottom, grasping huge mouthfuls of dirt in its steel jaws, lifting them clear, and dropping them overboard; and all the time the big metal and concrete pipe, held erect by stays and scaffolding, had subsided slowly, inch by inch, into the slime.

But now, though nearly a hundred tons of rails had been stacked, spell-kn-fashion, across the mouth of the cylinder to add artificially to its already tremendous weight, it could not be induced to budge. Hard bottom of a sort had been struck, but at too shallow a depth to satisfy Bruce as to its permanency. He knew from the borings that the cylinder must be sunk through this stratum and another layer of mud before the bed-rock below would be finally reached.

After a short delay two of the divers, Bunny Fitch and Tom Mair, came off in a dugout.

They belonged to a class by no means numerous in the East—white men who perform hard manual labor for a wage; but they were further distinguished from the majority of their fellow-workers by the fact that the craft

they plied is one which, even in temperate latitudes, must be reckoned among the dangerous and unhealthy trades. East or West, the element of danger remains more or less constant; but in a tropical climate the unhealthiness, discomfort, and strain of a diver's work are raised to the power of *n*.

Fitch and Mair had worked together as mates for the best part of a decade, travelling up and down the world from one engineering job to another; varying the monotony by doing a spell of salvage work here and there on sea-bottoms that were like gigantic artificial aquaria; or by putting in time at some garish tropical seaport, where they groped their way among the mooring-buoy anchors in the fouled waters of the harbor.

They were not only mates, but pals, —close pals, as men who live and work together in fair weather and rough are bound to become if the enforced comradeship does not breed sheer, unreasoning hatred.

Fitch was a big, heavy fellow, slow in his movements and his thoughts, steady as a rock, and grudging of his few words. He had saved a good part of his pay, month in and month out, more because he had never contracted the habit of spending money than because he cherished any ultimate ambition which his slow economies were designed to gratify. He drank sparingly and never touched tobacco, not even when the eye-flies made life well-nigh unendurable to a non-smoker. He was reputed never to have been in love, nor to have so much as looked sideways at a woman.

Mair, on the other hand, was a short, dark, wiry little fellow, marvelously strong for his inches, active as a cat, and as volatile as a drop of quicksilver. His black hair grew low down upon his forehead, and his wide mouth and blunt features had in them

the energy of a bull-terrier and the vivacity of a London street Arab. He had little vice in him, but much intemperate wickedness, bred of high spirits and an overflowing vitality which sought blindly and crudely for some means of self-expression. His pleasures were few and primitive, and he wallowed in them shamelessly, when the opportunity served. Fitch, panting in his wake, sought clumsily to mother and chaperon him. He had nursed him through bouts of fever and other ills, had shielded him frequently from the logical consequences of his manifold evil-doings, and had got him out of more scrapes than either cared to count.

"There's no booking-off for me," Fitch used to grumble to himself. "Not when Tob's about. It's a twenty-four hours' shift all the time, and hard at that."

Yet he took a certain vicarious pride in the other's excesses—things for which he himself had no taste; laughed with grim, slow appreciation of his mate's quickness, cunning, and ingenuity; and respected him as the better craftsman of the two. Much of their work was necessarily done in pitch darkness, the sense of touch, not the sense of sight, alone guiding them; but Mair seemed to carry an eye at the end of each nimble finger-tip. Working blindly with chisel and hammer under water, he wrought as surely and almost as quickly as if he were performing his task unhampered. Fitch knew himself to be a good, careful, and skilled workman, but he knew also that for all his plodding steadiness he was a child beside his small, mercurial mate, who could do more in a four hours' shift than he could accomplish in a shift and a half.

Arrived at the wooden staging, the two divers prepared for business. They cast aside their overcoats, kicked off their shoes, and stood revealed

clad in the thick worsted sweaters, drawers, and stockings which divers always affect. Such wear for a tropical climate was appallingly heavy and warm, and both men were already sweating freely. When inside the diving-dress the temperature of the air they breathed would soon run up to well over 90° F., in spite of the water-coolers on the air-pumps, and their work would be done in an atmosphere resembling that of the hot-room in a Turkish bath. They would, of course, be unable to wipe their faces or bodies, and while the worsted clothing would absorb most of the moisture from the latter, the red head-cap of the same material, which Bunny Fitch now proceeded to put on and to pull down over his eyebrows, was designed to keep, at any rate, some of the perspiration out of his eyes.

With Mair's help he got into his diving-dress, fixed his helmet, and opened the valve. Lifting his leaden-soled feet painfully, he began to descend into the cylinder. With his strange globular headpiece, ungainly bulk, and slow movements, he resembled a gigantic automaton worked by reluctant and ineffectual clock-work. His bare hands, red and slightly congested by the tight rubber bands about the wrists, alone retained the mobility which we associate with the alert vitality of man. Presently the muddy waters closed over him, and a little later the air-pipe ceased to pay out. He had reached bottom, and the ladder was withdrawn to give him more room in which to move and work.

One and the best part of a second hour crept by, and Tom Mair, his back resting against the side of the cylinder, sat smoking his pipe on the staging above the water-level, while his invisible mate toiled silently nearly forty feet below him. Mair's duty was merely to stand by on the chance of his mate needing his assistance. The

space at the bottom of the cylinder, where Bunny Fitch was slowly chipping away the rock round the edges with chisel and hammer, was too confined to admit of more than one man working there at a time.

The hour was near mid-day, and the sun, soaring high in the heavens, was a white-hot disc upon which the eye could not rest for more than a fraction of a second. The sky was white-hot, too,—colorless, yet vivid with heat. The slow waters of the river, purring around the stays and staging-piles, refracted the sun-rays with a blinding intensity. There was not a square inch of shade anywhere, and the palmyra palms on the river-banks, standing ankle-deep in rank, parched **underwood**, lifted ragged clusters of fronds that stiffened and cracked in the dry and quivering atmosphere. Bruce and most of the coolies had gone to attend to work on one of the neighboring cylinders. Mair could see the former moving about the staging and directing the men, clothed only in a big sun-hat, a flannel jumper, and a pair of canvas shorts. Even at that distance his face and his bare arms and legs showed black where the sun had tanned them to the hue of confluent freckles. Mair was alone, save for the linesman—Fitch's only remaining link with the outside world—and the two Tamil coolies who had charge of the air-pump.

Even through his thick sweater the metal of the cylinder, against which his shoulders rested, was almost unbearably hot. The sweat had dried on his face, and he could feel his eyebrows stiffening and lifting as the last minute drop of moisture was sucked out of each separate hair. The sun smote down upon him mercilessly. The refracted heat from the river struck upwards with even greater intensity under the brim of his sun-hat. It seemed to him that, beaten upon by

the breath of two raging furnaces, he was being slowly grilled alive. The heat was something which had to be endured actively and consciously, like pain. Sleep, in such circumstances, was an impossibility. The brain, though cruelly alive, seemed to have become fused into a vapor too volatile for thought, and capable only of registering impressions. Every sense was dazed and reeling, yet combining with every other to appreciate the intensity of their collective suffering. Even blasphemy—Tom Mair's most ready outlet for emotion of any kind—proved comfortless. He could only sit and gasp, like the dusty crows perching with gaping beaks on the fronds of the palmyra palms.

Then suddenly, something happened. Mair at first failed to realize what that something was; but an instant later it flashed upon him that the cylinder had sunk abruptly and rapidly a matter of, it might be, a couple of feet, and then as abruptly had stopped.

He leaped to his feet and craned over the edge. The circle of muddy water within the great iron ring was strangely agitated, its surface disturbed by swirling eddies which lapped wavelike against the sides.

At the same moment came a signal from Fitch—a signal of distress—and the linesman gave tongue lustily.

Mair, already feeling for his diving-dress, sent a thin cry through the immensity of the burning daylight, calling frenziedly upon Bruce. He hardly knew, and Bruce barely heeded, the words he used. The tone of his reiterated outcry was sufficient in itself to awaken dismay; and in a few minutes Bruce and a party of his coolies were racing toward him in a dug-out.

"Here! Help me into these damned things!" Mair cried in high excitement, fumbling the while with his diving-dress. "My mate's in trouble. What sort of trouble? Gawd knows! Care-

ful with that ladder. No. Better let me go down without it. You may do him a hurt. The cylinder sunk—sunk sudden-like. He signalled for me. Twice he signalled. No. He ain't signalling now. Hold on, old mate, I'm coming"

Then, still calling encouragement to Fitch, oblivious of the fact that the latter was out of earshot, he clapped on his helmet over his red cap, and his voice died away in a sort of sobbing murmur.

Bruce and the coolies helped him over the edge of the cylinder, and he sank rapidly from sight, engulfed by the muddy water.

Bruce stood looking downward, vainly straining his eyes to pierce the opacity of the surface, and speculating in an agony of suspense as to the nature of the tragedy which was hidden from him by those jostling waters. The coolies crowded together, exchanging furtive whispers and fearful glances. In the tense stillness of the moontide, over land and water the heat haze danced like a company of mocking wraiths, as though it shared with this little knot of waiting men the restless anxiety which thrilled them.

Tom Mair sank downward through the water in the cylinder, watched the wavelets wash against the eye-glasses of his helmet, and the light become obscured, fade, and disappear. He was now in dead darkness, and only his outstretched hands, touching the concrete walls to right and left, and thereby guiding and steadying his descent, kept him in contact with the outside world against which his diving-dress hermetically sealed him. Henceforth, until he regained the surface, he had the use of only one sense—the sense of touch. For the rest, he was blind, deaf, and dumb.

He felt his right foot touch presently a loosely packed heap of stones; slither

on it, and come to rest against the side of the cylinder. Almost simultaneously his left foot found a resting-place, and stooping quickly with groping hands outstretched, he discovered that it was planted upon the prostrate body of his mate. This filled him with astonishment, and his first thought was that Bunny Fitch had fainted. He began to close the valve in the latter's helmet, so that the inflated dress might make him buoyant and easy to carry upward to the surface; but immediately a hand—Bunny Fitch's left hand—flew to his, grasped it and resisted it passionately. He at once left the valve alone. Then he took up a standing position straddle-legged across his friend's recumbent body, and began rapidly running his fingers over it.

The whole of the bottom of the cylinder to a depth of nearly three feet was filled with rocks and chips—the *débris* of Fitch's chisel-work,—and on this Mair found that Bunny was lying awkwardly on his right side.

"What the devil ails him?" thought Mair. "And why won't he let me raise him?" But these were questions which his nimble fingers alone could answer for him.

Fitch was making frenzied, unintelligible movements with his left hand, but Mair's own fingers were too quick for the other to be able to seize them. Rapidly they ran down each of Bunny's legs; then up his body to the left shoulder, along the neck, over the surface of the helmet, and squeezed themselves between the loose stones and the side of the cylinder, exploring the right shoulder and forearm. Then Tom Mair's heart stood still in his body.

In spite of his complete blindness, his sense of touch had now given to him as accurate a picture of the position in which his mate was lying as if the sight had been burned in upon his brain. The cylinder in its sudden and unexpected descent had pinned Fitch's

arm to the rock below. He was lying on his side, tethered to the river's bottom by his hand and wrist, with the whole colossal weight of the cylinder serving as a fetter.

The thought of the agony he must be enduring scarred Mair's imagination like a red flame cauterizing his brain, and the silence, which should have been rent with screams, became in an instant a well-nigh unendurable oppression. Yet his mind was working rapidly, and his nervous, sensitive hands were already busy searching for the hammer and chisel with which Fitch had been working. Before many seconds had elapsed he had found the latter; but the hammer, which had been in Fitch's right hand at the moment that the catastrophe befell, eluded him. It had probably been embedded by the sudden subsidence of the cylinder.

At once Mair stood erect, closed the valve of his helmet, signalling all the while for a ladder, which, when lowered to him, he placed with care, so that no part of his mate's diving-dress could be pinched by the foot of it. Then he ran up it, his body buoyant with air, and was unscrewing his front glass before the rim of the cylinder was reached.

Breathlessly he told Bruce what had occurred, bade him send for the doctor and his tools, seized a hammer, refixed his glass, and climbed down again into the cylinder.

His idea was to try to chip away the rock beneath Fitch's imprisoned arm, and thus perchance to set it free; but at the first blow he felt his mate's whole body plunge and vibrate, even through the diving-dress, with the agony occasioned by the shock. Another blow, and Mair's arm was seized in the iron grip of Fitch's left hand. With a groan of sheer despair, the former dropped his tools. If he could only speak to old Bunny, he thought miserably, perhaps he could nerve him

to endure the pain which alone could bring him release. He shook himself free, and picking up his hammer and chisel, again chipped at the rock, but he felt his blow to be nervous and half-hearted, and at once Bunny grabbed him anew. Clearly the task was hopeless. The trammels set upon all his senses save that of touch—the blindness, deafness, dumbness that beset him—raised the horror of the position to a nightmare intensity. Unheard he was crying upon his Maker as lost souls may cry from the depths of Tophet. Tears mingled with the sweat that, escaping from the cap on his forehead, was pouring down his face. His whole body was tingling and quivering with almost an insanity of rebellion against the impotence that held him powerless to aid his mate. He lacked the nerve to resume the slow chipping and chiselling of the rock which would be rendered doubly slow by his own appreciation of the agony he would be causing, and his mate's unconquerable resistance; yet upon him and upon his unshaken nerve depended, as he knew, the life of his friend, aye, and his own reason.

It was a wild-eyed lunatic who presently rushed down from the depths of the iron well, unscrewing his glass, and calling upon Bruce with inarticulate ravings and curses. The doctor was coming off, paddled by excited coolies; but though he travelled swiftly over the dazzling water, Tom Mair, pinned to the staging by his leaden-soled boots, rocked in his diving-dress, like a maddened elephant at its pickets, shook hands with writhing fingers above his head, and blasphemed with horrible vehemence, entreating him to hasten.

An idea had come to him,—had taken possession of him. He knew now what he must do; had appraised the heavy risks, and felt as if each one of them were a red-hot goad driven deep into

his naked soul. A cowardly demon within him was screaming to him that his idea was impossible,—that he could not carry it out,—that he lacked the nerve,—that it was foredoomed to failure,—that it was asking more of him than could fairly be asked of any man,—that he could never muster the resolution to penetrate again into the silence and the darkness wherein his mate lay in mortal, dumb agony. He dreaded every second of delay lest this devil should gain the mastery of him, and drive him into headlong flight from the spot where, hidden by the untroubled waters, Bunny Fitch lay tethered awfully to the river's bed.

The doctor took him roughly by the shoulder and shook him vigorously. "You've got to steady yourself, if you are going to be of any use," he said angrily. "Steady yourself, do you see? And here,—drink this."

He helped Mair to pour a stiff tot of brandy down his throat, gripping his shaking hand with calm, capable fingers.

"There's nothing for it," Mair sobbed out. "I've got to cut his blooming arm off! O Gawd! That's what I've got to do, Gawd help me!"

The doctor made some rapid inquiries in a businesslike, professional manner, very soothing to Tom's lacerated nerves.

"Yes, my man," he said, when he had assured himself as to the position. "Amputation is the only chance, and you must try it; but remember, you've got to be quick—mighty quick—and you've got to be sure. As soon as you cut the rubber of his diving-dress he'll begin to drown if you bungle the job. Now, let me feel your pulse. Galloping like a race-horse. Here, take another drop of brandy, and pull yourself together. You're a good workman, they tell me, and you've got an uncommon ticklish job in hand. Don't bungle it. Remember your mate's life de-

pend upon your skill and pluck. Is that the sharpest axe you've got, Bruce?"

Bruce nodded silently. He handed a short wood-axe to Mair, who felt its keen edge gingerly with his thumb. He too was silent, but as he began to screw on his glass his face was working convulsively, and tears were pouring unheeded down his cheeks.

Again the big automaton—a figure robbed magically of all outward expression of emotion—began to climb down the ladder, and presently was swallowed up again by the disturbed water. Bruce, the doctor, and the coolies stood craning their necks to gaze into the baffling depths below them.

Mair, usually so quick, moved with slow, reluctant deliberation down the ladder. The wild excitement of a few moments earlier had died down in him, and had been succeeded by a kind of cold despair. The brandy had steadied him. He was bracing himself consciously against the ordeal which awaited him down there in the place of horror whereof the terrors presented themselves every instant more and more vividly to his imagination. Vicariously he seemed to be enduring every pang that was torturing the mind and rending the body of poor Bunny Fitch in his long agony. His own arm throbbed and tingled in sympathy. In fancy he could feel the cruel shock which each blow of the chisel on the rock had dealt to his mate. Already, it seemed to him, that the still more fierce pain, which the first stroke of the axe upon yielding rubber and flesh would inflict upon Bunny, was stabbing him,—that and the panic fear of death by drowning. Yet now his will was set upon the task awaiting him. It was the only chance. He gritted his teeth together, drew his muscles taut, and nailed himself to his duty. The cowardly devil was subdued and silenced; only Mair moved slowly,

seeking thereby to delude himself into the belief that he had regained his calm.

Arrived at the bottom, he once more explored with his fingers the precise position of the tethered arm. The cylinder and the rock had gripped it with a vice-like clasp a couple of inches above the wrist. The hand beyond the cylinder's edge must be lying palm-downward. Tom Mair, of course, could see nothing; but touch with him had become a sense almost as accurate as that of sight. At the end of three or four minutes of careful and minute groping, during which the very soul of him seemed to have passed into his finger-tips, he had obtained as exact an appreciation of the relative positions of arm, rock, and cylinder-edge as if he had examined them with his naked eye. For the rest, he was used to hitting the top of a hidden chisel with an invisible hammer for hours a day with force and accuracy.

He drew in his breath, and bit his under-lip hard; poised the axe, lowered it slowly, measuring his distances, and then brought it down upon Bunny's arm. He felt the blade eat deep into flesh and bone, and was conscious of the insuck of the water through the rent in the rubber casing. Also he felt Bunny quiver and flounder beneath him as the diving-dress filled with water, but he had taken the precaution to grip him with his knees to prevent active interference. Quick as light, he struck again, and yet again; knew that he had severed the arm; signalled wildly to the linesman, and felt Bunny Fitch's body suddenly snatched away from him, as the man at the cylinder's mouth drew him and his water-logged prison swiftly to the surface. The doctor, aided by Bruce, was busy tying the arteries of Bunny's arm by the time Mair had succeeded in scrambling up the ladder and had unscrewed his glass.

"A very clean bit of surgery," the doctor remarked cheerfully, a few moments later, "though I'll make a better job of it presently when I get him ashore. Well done, young man! You've saved this fellow's life."

But Tom Mair did not hear him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Still in his diving-dress and looking like some strange mechanical toy which had strayed out of a giant's nursery-cupboard, he was sitting on the staging with his big head between his bare hands, rocking his body to and fro, and weeping as little children weep.

THE NIGHTMARE CAR.

I had looked through the whole of the dealer's machines,
And not one of the lot suited me or my means.
There were some too expensive and others too small,
And not one that I fancied the looks of at all.

Then the dealer looked glum, but he 'phoned to the works:—

"Send along the new model we built for the Turks.
She's a blend"—he addressed me—"of fury and flame,
And I honestly can't recommend her as tame.

"But for those who like pace, half a minute a mile,
With all fittings complete in the height of good style;
For a man who wants comfort combined with good fun
And the acme of safety, this car is the one.

"When the road is all clear she will go like the wind;
There is nothing—no, nothing—she can't leave behind.
But she scents a police-trap, and when it occurs
There's no crawl in the world half as crafty as hers.

"She was left on our hands when the Turks came to blows,
And we really must sell her to someone who knows.
She'd be cheap at three thousand, but, since it's for you,
We will take off a thousand and sell her for two."

Then the car tooted round, and she purred at the door
With a charm I had never heard equalled before.
She was crusted with jewels and plastered with gold,
And I pulled out my cheque-book and so she was sold.

I was up in a moment, and then she began
Her parade through the streets by upsetting a van,
And increased her attractions by going like grease
Through a squad, whom she flattened, of City Police.

So we left the crushed ruins of houses and men,
Rattled slap through a country all ditches and fen;

Took a turn on the uplands and then, making good
All the pace we had lost, we plunged into a wood.

We were right in the thick of the branches and trunks,
And the bark flew in strips and the timber in chunks;
And the rooks in their nests couldn't utter a sound
Ere they found themselves scattered and dumb on the ground.

Next, leaving our tool-box and tyres in the lurch,
We abandoned the wood and made straight for a church;
Cleared the Rector's snug house like a thing made of fire,
And went on in mid-air, having chipped off the spire.

Then we tunnelled a mountain and, still flying free,
Hurtled hard off a cliff and skimmed over the sea,
Till at last, full of ardor we finished our spin
Through the roof of a palace in sandy Berlin.

But a man whose moustaches stuck up like a spear,
Said, "*Potztausend, Herr Stürer was machen Siehier!*"
"*Majestät,*" I replied, and uncovered my head—
But the shock was too great, and I woke up in bed.

Punch.

R. C. Lehmann.

THE ULSTER COVENANT.

The signing of the Ulster Covenant is a great fact. For ourselves, though we may be critical about points of detail, we hold that the people of North-East Ulster are morally and politically justified in the action they are taking and mean to take. But even if we thought their action could not be justified, and if we condemned it instead of sympathizing with it, the fact of the Covenant would remain important in the highest degree—impossible to ignore, to laugh down, or to explain away. All rulers, whether they be kings who imagine that they rule by Divine right, or Parliaments and their delegates, who claim to represent the people, must find sooner or later that there are limits to their powers. There are some things which they cannot do, or at any rate which, if they insist on doing, will have consequences which must render the

task of government so embarrassing and so difficult that if they are well advised they will stay their hands. The abstract or legal, or even the moral right to do certain things does not necessarily make it wise to do them. No doubt a supreme government cannot always be held in check by the thought that it will meet with resistance from a section of the community. In many cases the express has to go forward, taking its chance that the crowd standing in front of it will clear out in time. There are other cases, however, where the resistance offered to its passage may very possibly throw the express off the rails, and so may make it foolish or worse to "drive ahead." The resistance which North-East Ulster is setting up to the Home Rule Bill is a case in point. We are convinced that the Liberals will find it impossible, without another and direct

appeal to the electorate, to scare the Ulstermen off the line. If they try to rush the train through on the assumption that the Ulster Protestants will jump clear at the last moment, a disaster of an appalling kind must occur. No abuse of Sir Edward Carson and the other leaders, no railing at the Unionists for not keeping the men of North-East Ulster in order, no abstract arguments designed to show that what is virtue in Ireland as a whole is a crime in North-East Ulster, will alter the fact that if the present Home Rule Bill is passed into law the people of the North will not obey it—will not, that is, recognize the institutions set up by it.

We have stated the fact. We now desire to ask the Liberal Party, "What do you mean to do about it?" By the Liberal Party we do not, of course, mean the hacks who, in effect if not in so many words, would declare that they will do what the Government and the Party whips tell them, but moderate Liberals who sincerely believe in Liberal principles and Home Rule principles, but at the same time do not want to provoke anything approaching civil war. In all probability the first thing which a moderate Liberal, prepared to face the facts and not merely to ignore them, would say would be: "Tell me first what you mean to do about it. You moderate Unionists in effect assert that we are not to carry out the policy in which we believe because the people of North-East Ulster forbid it. That, we admit, is a disquieting and disagreeable fact; but do not forget that the local majority in the rest of Ireland, and so in two-thirds of the country, say in effect that they forbid us or any other Government to continue to govern Ireland from London. Therefore," continues the moderate Liberal of our thought, "the Unionist position is as bad as that of the Liberals. The country is as it were between two fires, and the real problem is

whether to give satisfaction to intransigent Nationalists or to intransigent Ulstermen."

The dialectical dilemma is ingenious, but it will not frighten or put out of court any straight-thinking Unionist. In a case of this kind the Unionist policy must prevail, putting aside all thought of the merits, not because it is the best, or makes most for good government or national efficiency, but because it holds the field. When there is a conflict of opinion and a conflict of will such as is presented when the Nationalists forbid the dropping of the Home Rule Bill and the Ulstermen forbid its being carried into law, surely the wise course—nay, the only reasonable course—is to maintain the *status quo*. It is idle to say that this is unfair to one side, because such so-called unfairness must always exist in human affairs. *Beati possidentes* is a fact which cannot be got over by a charge of injustice. The policy which is in existence has a natural advantage which cannot be taken away from it. Therefore the wise ruler without any prejudice in favor of the Union or against Home Rule must, we contend, in the present circumstances say that the Union must continue, because its abrogation, at any rate in the way proposed in the Home Rule Bill, would lead to disaster. When to move a coach means that it will go over the precipice, the prudent driver stops still, no matter how much the coach may be exposed in the place in which it is, to the assaults of wind and weather. To argue thus in favor of the *status quo* is, of course, only another way of saying what we have said so often in these columns. The Union was not a piece of political wickedness on the part of Pitt and his supporters, but an inevitable act, the logical result of trying, without success, every other form of regulating the relations between the two islands. The Union, considered in

the abstract, may be open to every sort of objection, but when it is compared with other systems it will be found to have, at any rate, one supreme if negative merit: it is the form of government which divides Ireland least—which least invites the heterogeneous population of that country to blow out each other's brains or to cut each other's throats.

The moderate Liberal of our thought would probably not be satisfied with our argument. He would go on to say that some way out of the *impasse* must be found, and that he cannot consent to a mere *non possumus* and the maintenance of the *status quo*. We do not agree; but let us try to put ourselves in the position of the moderate Liberal, and think what he would propose if he were left to himself and were not governed by the need of having to get a Parliamentary majority to keep his party in office. Surely in the circumstances the natural thing would be for him to say: "Let us carry out our governing principle, that the will of the local majority is to prevail. Let us, that is, allow those counties of Ireland in which there is a local majority in favor of Home Rule to come together and enjoy a local Parliament and a local Executive in Dublin, but also let us allow those counties in which the local majority tell us in such vehement terms that they will die rather than be turned out of their present place in the United Kingdom and be placed under a Parliament in Dublin, to have their way and remain under the Parliament at Westminster. That may not be a very symmetrical arrangement, but at any rate it would prevent bloodshed, and would not force upon any community a Parliament and a system of government to which the majority passionately object." For ourselves, we see of course, plenty of vital objections to Home Rule even when limited to the South, and must

oppose it strenuously as thoroughly injurious; but we are not now talking about what we as Unionists desire, but are trying to put ourselves in the position of the moderate Liberal. He, at any rate, will find no objection to the proposal, as he is in love with Federalism and subordinate Parliaments. The more the merrier in the matter of Parliaments appears to be his maxim. He is not even likely to make the objection that it is wrong to break up an ancient geographical unit like Ireland, for has not one of his leaders, unreprieved by the Prime Minister or by any of his colleagues in the Cabinet, specifically and in detail proposed to break up England into eleven or twelve Federal units? Why, then, we must ask, does not the moderate Liberal who believes in the abstract advantage of breaking up the United Kingdom and of giving the Nationalists self-government, but also does not desire to coerce the local majority in Ulster and force upon them a system of Dublin rule, which he has to admit they dislike as much as the Nationalists dislike London rule, propose to leave the counties of North-East Ulster out of the Bill, and so get a settlement which, if it does not satisfy anybody entirely, at any rate sacrifices nobody completely? The answer, of course, is that, though this would be the natural and reasonable thing for the moderate Liberal to propose, he dare not propose it, because if he did the Irish Nationalists would refuse any longer to support the Liberal Government, and Mr. Asquith and his colleagues would be turned out of office. We therefore reach this strange conclusion, but we are running the risk of a great political disaster, not in order to do justice to the Nationalists or to improve the Government of the United Kingdom, but to keep the present Liberal Government in power. The United Kingdom is to be broken up or decentralized, not in the best and safest

way, but in the worst and most dangerous way in order to keep the present Ministry in office!

The excuse sometimes offered for a paradox so damaging is that a Bill with the North-East counties of Ulster left out would not satisfy the Ulster people, and that therefore it must not be considered. That is surely not sincere when coming from a Liberal. No doubt it would not satisfy the Ulster people any more than it would satisfy Unionists like ourselves, and no doubt both we and they would oppose it, but at any rate it would avoid civil war. Remember that the people of the North have said that they do not want and will not have a separate Parliament for Ulster, and, here, surely, they have a right to decide. They have, however, never said that if they are left out of the Bill, and if the political status of their citizens remains as it is now, they will rise in insurrection. They would, of course, do nothing of the kind. They would grumble but they would not revolt. Admitting this, the next argument is that the Bill would not be accepted by the rest of Ireland. Very likely; but surely that is not an argument for having instead a worse Bill or a civil-war provoking Bill, but for having no Bill at all. If the only just, reasonable, and safe Bill from the Liberal standpoint is one which is not acceptable to the Nationalists, then surely the proper thing is to say that the Irish question is not capable of solution along Home Rule lines, and that the Union, even if imperfect, must be maintained as the best system of governing Ireland.

We must remember that if this conclusion is reached it is not after all such a very terrible one. If the present Home Rule Bill fails, there will not be very many tears of regret shed in the South of Ireland, though there will be plenty shed from a passionate sense of relief in the North. All that

will happen is that Ireland will continue in that path of economic improvement which, Heaven be thanked! she has already entered upon. If the present Government were to propose to spend the extra two millions a year with which they are now proposing to endow an Irish Government, on hastening on land purchase, they would, we venture to say, do far more to content the rural population than they will ever achieve by the present Home Rule Bill. As for any defects in Irish administration, there is not the slightest reason why the Liberal Government should not, if they like, revolutionize that administration by eradicating its defects and making it less wasteful and more efficient. In any case we would in all sincerity ask the moderate Liberals to face the facts as regards Ulster, and to draw the necessary conclusions. We do not for one moment believe that they are so mad as to say that if they must have some system of Irish Home Rule they would rather have it *plus* a civil war in Ulster than a Home Rule system which only applied to two-thirds of Ireland. If the Nationalists reply to this that they will have no Home Rule at all if they are not to be allowed their full pound of Ulster and Protestant flesh, moderate Liberals can, it appears to us, only say that in that case, if the Nationalists really prefer no bread to three-quarters of a loaf, then the Union must continue to hold the field.

But we shall be asked, How is the Liberal Ministry to retain office? We confess that if we were Liberals we should not be deeply moved by this argument, nor, we believe, will the normal Liberal be moved if he can free himself for a moment from the cant of party. And even from the party point of view he would not lose. Nothing, we imagine, would do the Liberals more good than to have a rest, especially if they were turned out by

the Nationalists. That would be a far safer fall than the one which they are likely to get if the present Home Rule Bill is passed without an appeal to the country. That means at best a week's
The Spectator.

street fighting in Belfast, with a butcher's bill of three or four thousand. That is what the Liberals have got to face.

EUROPE AND ASIA.

Outside the Chancelleries of Europe there is probably no observer of contemporary affairs who has failed to be struck by the new movements in Asia. Beginning with the awakening of Japan, fifty years ago, and continued by the increasing absorption of Western ideas in India, this movement received its greatest impetus from the triumph of Japan over Russia in 1904. The Japanese victory dissipated the belief in the racial superiority of the Europeans, and shattered the prejudice which condemned every Oriental country to stagnation in a peculiar type of society, or, at best, to secondhand and ineffective imitation of European methods and machines. A wave of new hope spread over the Orient. The Indian movement took new life, Persia dethroned the Shah, Turkey the Sultan, China the Manchus. Any one of these movements taken alone would, in ordinary times, have been regarded as an event. Taken together they might be held to mark an epoch, and as such they were welcomed by that element in European Liberalism which looks forward to a world of free commonwealths united by friendly commercial relations, rather than a world of inferior yellow, brown, and black populations dominated by European officialism. The hopes born of these movements, it is now freely said, were too sanguine. The Young Turks have failed, and failed disastrously. Their Liberalism was but a veneer to amuse the Balkan Committee and the English Liberal Press. The Persians

were a corrupt and incompetent lot. The Chinese will turn out no better. Asia must relapse into the darkness from which she seemed for a moment to emerge, and accept government by loan, or by hanging and quartering, as the case may be. The Ethiopian does not change his skin, nor the Asiatic his corruption.

But before we pass this verdict upon Asia, we may, with advantage, consider for a moment the behavior of Europe. How did the Great Powers take the uprising? There was the case of Turkey. Here was a ruling race which maintained its power in old days by the simple method of massacring malcontents. The great Christian Powers had long accustomed themselves to look on, and to say that no one of them was to be before the others in stopping the bloodshed. Once, indeed, when the streets of Constantinople ran red, they took action, so far as to refuse to illuminate their Embassies on the occasion of the Sultan's birthday. This was the limit of their audacity. For the rest, the Sultan was free to deal as he liked with the Christian dog. Then out of the rottenness, and the misery, and the degradation of their country arose the Young Turks. This movement was, no doubt, in the main, military, national, and even Chauvinistic. Yet, even so, it was a movement for national regeneration, and it had a Liberal wing, which, under happier auspices, would have had a softening influence on its administration. How did Europe greet this movement? Eng-

land, after a moment of welcome, gave her sympathy to the *coup d'état* by which the Sultan tried to suppress it. Austria, the moment that the revolution came uppermost, annexed Bosnia. Bulgaria proclaimed her independence. Italy, two years later, descended on Tripoli. On all sides the new movement found itself beset with enemies, all ready to take occasion of the passing weakness involved in the uprising, and to anticipate the day of coming strength by snipping off this or that piece of territory. Thus, by these means the Powers destroyed the Liberal element in the revolution, and brought every force of Chauvinism to the top. They turned round and said "What a bogus revolution it all was! What a sham, your Turkish Liberalism! How absurd to hope from an Oriental any of those graces of forbearance, humanity, kindness, justice, that are exemplified in every Christian Chancellery! What fools and blind those English Liberals who ever entertained a moment's hope of the Young Turk!" As though there were a nation in Europe in which it is not possible to drive out every thought of liberty and tolerance to possible enemies within, by threatening it with danger from without!

We freely admit the failure of the Young Turks. But even if they had been let alone, is it so very surprising that four years' experience should have failed to teach them all the lessons that have to be learnt for the successful governance of an exceeding complex population? They were not let alone, however. They were treated from the first by those very Powers who have assumed a tutelage of Turkey for her sins in the past in such a way as to stamp out every spark of good that there was in the movement. Yet their failure is now to become evidence against the Persians and the Chinese. Once more we are told that

Persia is an Oriental country, where freedom, nationality, self-government, are names merely, and names which serve to adorn corruption and varnish anarchy. Persia, too, has failed—and fall she well might. If she gets a capable administrator, Russia and England will dismiss him. If she obtains a loan from a financial house, Russia and England will prevent all interference with their lending monopoly. Then they will tell her that her Treasury is empty, her gendarmerie unpaid, her roads consequently unsafe, that she is a corrupt and anarchical land, destitute of all Christian virtue and commercial capability and that it is for them to administer her resources for her own good.

Then follows China. With extraordinary rapidity, and with a minimum of disorder, the Chinese, who were civilized when our ancestors ran about in woad, throw over a barbarian dynasty and elect to govern themselves. Before the new administration is well in the saddle, Russia has found a grievance in Mongolia, England in Thibet, while Japan has counterclaimed in Manchuria. China wants money to pay her troops, and perhaps to improve her defences. The Great Powers are mightily concerned for her inexperience. What can she do with ten millions? It will all be peculated by officials. She must have sixty millions, and she must get it from the Powers, who will take care of her revenues in return. Whatever happens, she is not to go of herself. She does not understand European finance, and is a babe lost in the mazes of the Bourse. So goes it, and perhaps in a few years the Powers will have throttled the new life of China, and all grave men will ridicule the simplicity of those who ever hoped anything from Sun Yat Sen.

But things in Asia will never again be quite what they have been. The

Great Powers, whose Chancelleries and Foreign Offices are the focus of whatever there is in the world of cynicism, inhumanity, selfishness, short-sightedness, hypocrisy, may succeed in quenching the burning flax. Yet the fact that a spark was once kindled, however short its life, will never wholly be forgotten. The revival will come, and with it some bitter memories of the conduct of Europe. Nor will this country escape the general blame. A Liberalism inspired by a single breath of the Gladstonian spirit

The Nation.

would have seen in the Oriental movement a hope, however precarious, a beginning, however faint, of a change of surpassing moment for its future—a change which, for an Asia the home of despotism and corruption, the field for European exploitation, the ever possible occasion of European war, would have substituted an Asia of free, independent, progressive communities, expanding markets for our trade, guarantors, along with us, of peace and civilization.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

With the first page of the "White Blackbird" by Wyndham Martyn the reader is plunged into a world of wild adventure and blood-curdling deeds. Upon the tramp steamer Olive Branch, which is really a slaver and free trader, under command of a rascal, Captain Dove, there lives a beautiful young girl, Sallie Harris, whose parentage is unknown. She is under the control of Captain Dove, and is an unwilling witness to deeds of great brutality and horror. Of the many men who pass through her life one alone proves of the right mettle. For a short time these two meet on the African Coast and then fate sweeps them apart for a season. Jasper Slyne, gentleman adventurer and gambler, is intensely anxious to marry Sallie and between his machinations and those of Captain Dove her life is nearly ruined. Event follows event in marvelous rapidity, and the scene shifts from the ocean to Monte Carlo, London and Scotland. Until the end, when Sallie finds her own people and is reunited to her lover, the suspense is intense. The story abounds in startling situations. Little, Brown and Company.

Lovers of outdoor life and gypsy lore will be delighted with "Tamsie" by Rosamond Napier. The author acknowledges the influence of George Borrow by frequent allusions to him, but "Tamsie" is none the less strongly original. Next to the heroine in importance are the characters Nicholas Buchan, English explorer and Egyptologist, David Guest, who lives among the gypsies and is known by them as the "Stag-fellow," and the strange epileptic gypsy girl, Sanpriel. Tamsie is a most remarkable girl who has been educated under the direction of her guardian, Nicholas Buchan, in freedom from most of the frailties of her sex and in complete reverence for Egyptology. At eighteen she is wonderfully strong and impressionable to nature and is ready for the conflicting influences in her life of Nicholas Buchan and the Stag-fellow. In certain chapters the book rises to unusual heights descriptive beauty. The character of little Sanpriel, her life and death, are unforgettable, and the portrayal of the gypsy life seems real and tangible and fascinating. George H. Doran Company.

Almost all the personages seen in the first volume of the "Blue Bonnet Series" appear in the sequel, "Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party," by Caroline Elliott Jacobs and Edyth Ellerbeck Read; and so thoroughly diverting is the story of their adventures that it is to be feared that many a small citizen will cast longing eyes in the direction of the Lone Star. What other State combines the attraction of horses for the wishing and space enough for unlimited galloping, perfect camping grounds, —beautiful scenery, and hospitality so nearly boundless that no unexpected intrusion of visitors disturbs the serenity of a hostess? Still, at the end of a happy summer, the Blue Bonnet and her Massachusetts guests gayly turn back to the Bay State and to the prospect of study and school; and the friends made by reading Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party may expect a third volume recounting their experiences. Meantime the tale of the ranch party waits for readers in both States and in all the others to which the name and fame of Blue Bonnet have penetrated, and it will assuredly double the number of the gallant, kindly heroine's friends. L. C. Page & Co.

"Mrs. Ames" by E. F. Benson is a witty comment on the infinite little-nesses which make up the lives of a certain class of people. It pictures society life in a comparatively small English town. Mrs. Ames is the leader (although her leadership is not always unquestioned by others who would also lead) of the social set in Riseborough. The book relates the threatened ruin of her domestic relations and her really great way of meeting the situation. Its plot development is as leisurely as a novel of Trollope or Jane Austen, and there is not a paragraph that will bear skipping. Every page scintillates with clever comment and merciless unvell-

ing of weaknesses. The reader is made to feel increasingly that very few of life's tragedies are caused by great motives, but rather are the result of an accumulation of seemingly insignificant thoughts and actions. This is one of the keenest and wittiest books of the year. Doubleday, Page and Co.

"Kirstie," by M. J., author of "The Journal of a Recluse" is an intimate analysis of a woman's life. Kirstie is a trained nurse who is called as an attendant to the sick wife of the man whom for years she has silently loved and tried to forget. The fact that Mrs. Wilson, Kirstie's charge, and her husband are deeply estranged, does not make any simpler the difficult situation which results. The chief concern of the novel is with the thought processes of its characters, and although the scenes change from Quebec to Italy there is very little action. A noble figure and a person who gives Kirstie much spiritual strength and initiative is Father Marceau, a Jesuit priest. Other people appear from time to time but the reader's attention is centered throughout upon Kirstie's inner struggle and victory. The philosophy of life offered by the author seems sound and true, and his knowledge of human nature by no means limited. Intensely serious, the book by its very sincerity claims a careful reading. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Seldom has a magazine essay met a more ardent, grateful welcome than greeted "A Letter to the Rising Generation," when it appeared in *The Atlantic* last year; and "The Vanishing Lady" confirmed fastidious readers who had not known the earlier work of Cornelia A. P. Comer in their belated admiration. Now, the three short stories included in Mrs. Comer's "The Preliminaries" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) show the same skill in interpreting conservative ideals, the same subtle charac-

ter-analysis and the same keen wit. Brilliant and often epigrammatic, they are yet marked by an assured serenity of manner, in soothing contrast with the jerky disjointedness affected by many clever writers of the day. Her stories deal with present-day problems of marriage and society; and her very greatest merit, her lofty standard in ethical matters, cannot be adequately praised without revealing her plots,—an act for which no reader could be expected to be grateful. She shows a surprising ability to force home a moral by the very means serving to enchain her readers' attention, sometimes by the very phrase forming the climax of her story. There will be a wide and enthusiastic constituency waiting for her next book.

In "A Health Unto His Majesty," Justin McCarthy draws a lively picture of King Charles II during his years of exile in Holland. Seldom has this royal figure appeared to better advantage, and all his more attractive characteristics are in the ascendant. The story tells how the loyalist, Colonel Lane, with his sister Jane form a plot to restore His Majesty to the English throne. The account of Charles and his ragged court with their merry makings and pitiful makeshifts is written in a mood of high adventure and the plot moves rapidly. Every situation is romantic and possesses great dramatic value. The king does not seem a dim figure of history re-created by the labor of antiquarian research, but a living personage with the charms of youth as well as its failings. The book is good reading from cover to cover. George H. Doran Company.

Boarding school life is a theme of never ending interest for juvenile stories. "Curiosity Kate" by Florence Bone tells of an English boarding school, and a troop of lively girls who

attended it. Curiosity Kate is the spoiled daughter of a noble house and comes to school to find her boastings and little airs and affectations of no account whatever. Through her association with other girls the desirable qualities in her character develop and one takes leave of a very charming heroine at the book's close. Hardly secondary in importance is the American girl, Jaqueline Richmond, whose search for her mother's people and success in finding them is the most interesting part of the story. Other bright girls share the stage with these two most prominent characters and one of them, Evelyn Lucas, gives us a touching glimpse of the home of a poor English rector. The book fulfils the promise of its piquant title, and proves to be just enough "different" from other stories of school-girl life to have distinct individuality. Little, Brown and Company.

Once more Kathleen Norris takes up the cause of simpler living and domestic ideas for women, and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" teaches this lesson in a most attractive manner. Mrs. Burgoyne is a young widow, reported to be fabulously wealthy, who comes to make her home in Santa Paloma, a prosperous California town. The social life of Santa Paloma is very complicated, each woman trying to outdo her neighbor in display and expenditure. All look to Mrs. Burgoyne to set a more dazzling pace than they have ever known. Instead she settles down to a simple existence, her time spent mostly in the companionship of her children, and refuses to compete in any way for social leadership. She also enters into part ownership of a newspaper edited by Barry Valentine, a gifted young man whom circumstances have hitherto prevented from being successful. Gradually the life of Santa Paloma as a whole and of Barry Valentine in par-

ticular become more and more ideal. The book makes agreeable reading and is wholesome and entertaining. The Macmillan Company.

That remarkable blend of humor, sentiment, character-drawing, and sunny philosophy which marked E. V. Lucas's "Listener's Lure," "Mr. Ingle-side," and "Over Bemerton's" is found in his latest book, "London Lavender" (The Macmillan Co.) What is scarcely less delightful, the same characters, or many of them, reappear, just as charming, life-like and whimsical as ever; and with them a lot more, who are equally diverting. The book cannot be adequately described as a group of essays or a group of stories, but both qualities enter into it. The book is of the sort which one may pick up anywhere without any sense of needing to know what went before; but, having picked it up, one will be reluctant to lay it down until he has read it through to the end, and has gone back to recover the chapters which were skipped at the beginning. Mr. Lucas,—or Mr. Falconer, through whom he speaks—knows how to moralize without being dull; there is now and then a touch of pathos, and everywhere there is sentiment, and there is humor. The forty or fifty characters who figure in the sketches,—a list of whom Mr. Lucas kindly prefixes for the guidance of his readers—are eccentric often, but always life-like, with a distinctive personality and flavor. The solitary person who comes into possession of the book is almost to be pitied; for although the sketches may be enjoyed in solitude, the impulse is irresistible to hunt for some one with whom to share the pleasure.

"Social Progress in Contemporary Europe," by Frederick A. Ogg, is a history, interpretative and descriptive rather than critical, of the changes,

since 1789, in the political, economic, and industrial conditions of Europe which have added most to the welfare of the average member of society. It begins, of course, with a discussion of the French Revolution and the inexhaustible ferment of political and social change which it introduced into the world; and passes to the agricultural changes which resulted from a general redistribution of land, and the industrial revolution which followed the widespread invention of machinery and the establishment of the factory. The second third of the book gives a detailed account of the rise of popular government and the gradual extension of the franchise in each country, with an especially interesting chapter on the initiative and referendum in Switzerland. The remaining chapters are devoted to the modern devices for the improvement of the condition of the working classes,—factory legislation, employment bureaus, industrial insurance, public schools, etc.,—with an interesting discussion of their comparative welfare in different countries. The book contains in unusually concise form a great deal of the information which is necessary to the understanding of the Europe of to-day—and of the United States of to-morrow. And at the end are twenty pages of that rare and invaluable thing, an excellent bibliography, that alone would make it worth owning as a book of reference. Macmillan Co.

Among the mass of modern literature dedicated to social reform, "The Task of Social Hygiene," by Havelock Ellis, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, stands out by virtue of its calm common-sense. Avoiding alike the welter of emotionalism, the blind protest against innovation, and the dry complexities of a scientific treatise (although the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of its authorita-

tiveness), it should appeal to the average man—and woman—by its practical sanity. It states its problems clearly, considers the various possible solutions, and renders a judicial verdict in favor of the most desirable. Social Hygiene, according to Mr. Ellis's introductory definition, begins where what the nineteenth century knew as Social Reform leaves off. It attempts not merely a haphazard amelioration of the conditions of life, but a scientific improvement in the quality of life itself; it is based on our growing knowledge of biology instead of on the uncertainties of human sympathy. The chapters which follow the introduction are necessarily somewhat unrelated, as they treat the women's movement, eugenics, the falling birth-rate, the future of romantic love, sexual and religious education for children, the war against war, and many other subjects, but each contributes its part to the three principles which seem to form the pattern of the book;—that a low birth-rate is not race-suicide but a means of race improvement; that the highest civilization is found in a combination of economic socialism with spiritual freedom for the individual; and that the reforms of Social Hygiene, and especially the much misunderstood eugenics, must progress through voluntary acceptance of their ideals, and not by legal compulsion. The book is written in an unusually readable style, illuminated by occasional flashes of quiet humor. By encouraging a normal attitude toward those great questions of the immediate future on which so many people still take their opinions from the funny column in their daily paper, it should accomplish more for the cause of progress than many volumes of more zealous propaganda. It is of course, unfortunate that so large a proportion of the readers who will be attracted to it must inevitably be drawn from the ranks of those who already realize the im-

portance of these questions; but even for those to whom the truth of its propositions is no novelty it cannot fail to bring a new inspiration for their individual lives and still more for the broader ideal of "man on the earth risen to his full stature, healthy in body, noble in spirit, beautiful in both alike, moving spaciouly and harmoniously among his fellows in the great world of Nature, to which he is so subtly adapted because he has himself sprung out of it and is its most exquisite flower."

"Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp," Miss Anna Chapin Ray's boys' book for 1912, may possibly be mistaken for a girl's book by the same parents who bought her "Teddy Books" for sport-loving boys, but the error is of slight consequence. Buddie is all boy it is true, but his favorite friend Chub is hardly a closer companion to him than Teresa Hamilton, a delightful girl. Her boy friends are scarcely conscious that Teresa is not a boy, so frank and brave is she, but neither Buddie's "Aunt-by-Marriage," Julia, nor the five or six manly men given to him by the author as exemplars have any difficulty in seeing that her apparent boyishness masks a perfectly feminine heart-soul, and girl readers will learn as many good things from her as boys will learn from Buddie and Chub, and so both girls and boys will be well content with the book. The incidental lessons on the proper attitude of a gentleman and good citizen towards sport will be found highly satisfactory by all animal lovers, and the boyish definition of a suffragette as "a girl that's looking for trouble" will amuse even her mild-mannered American kinswoman who votes. Miss Harriet Roosevelt Richards has drawn four admirable pictures for the story. Little Brown and Co.